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by Stéphane Groueff

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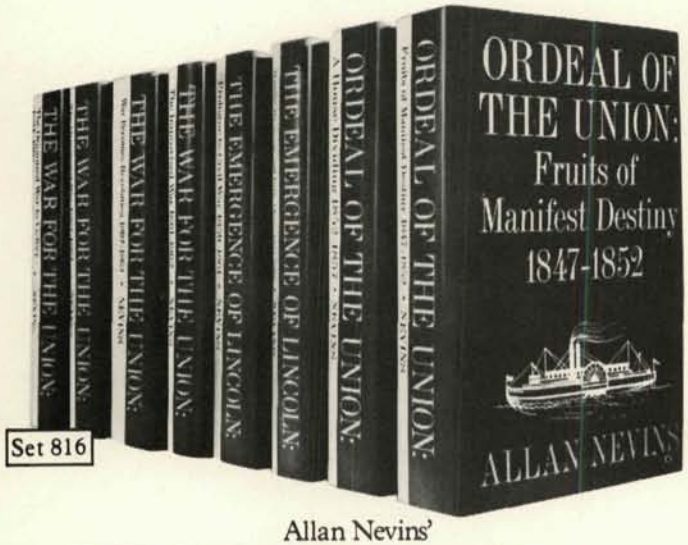
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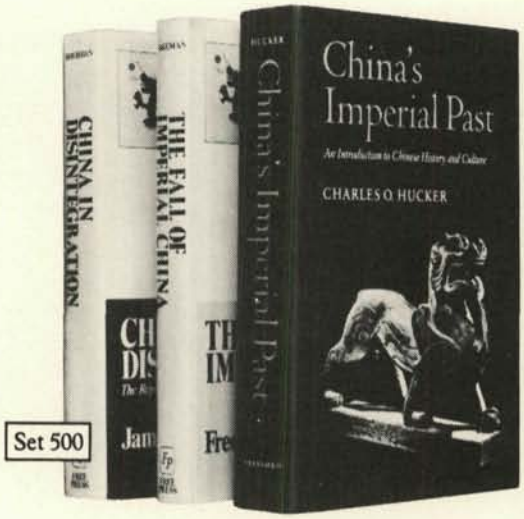

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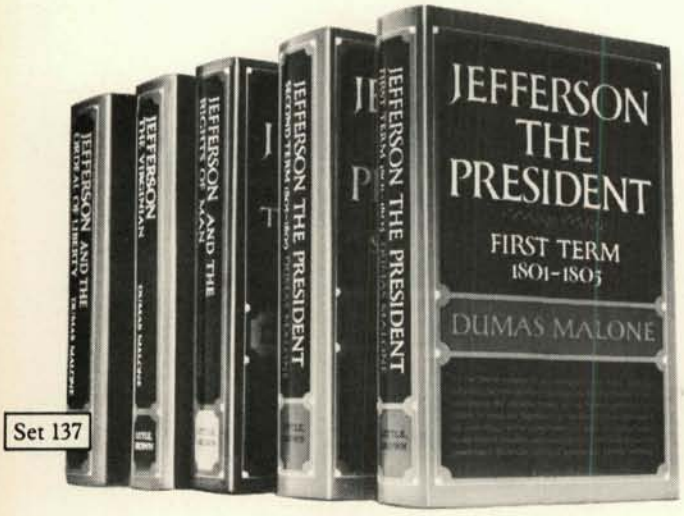

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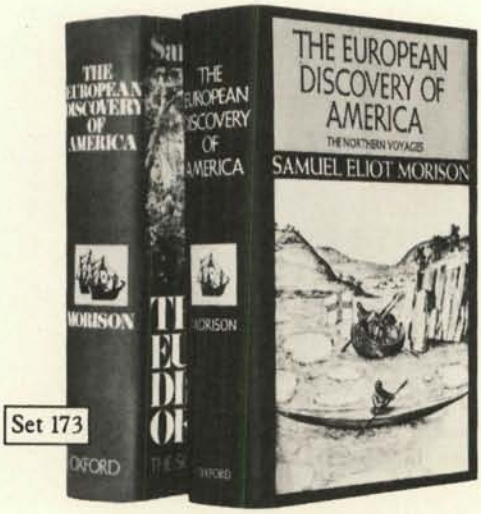

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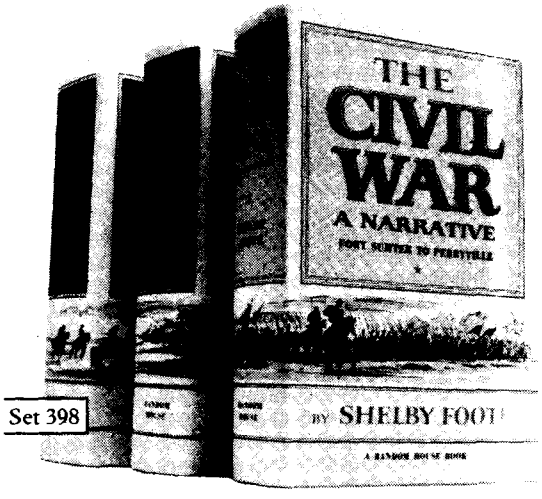

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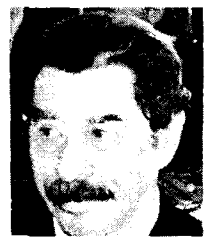

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D.C. parking meter ticket	+66%
Airline ticket cost per mile	+41%

Sources: BLS, N.Y. Times, Washington Redskins, D.C. Police, ICC, CAB

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Letters

Sacco & Vanzetti Day

I have been following Francis Russell's unfolding of the Sacco-Vanzetti case for a number of years, and I am always grateful for the latest piece of evidence. I remember in particular the article "Son of Sacco" a few years ago, and now there is the article concerning the FBI's alleged persecution of the two anarchists ["The End of the Myth," Aug. 19]. It is terribly ironic that the campaign to "vindicate" Sacco and Vanzetti has reached a sort of high point—with the Dukakis "Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti Memorial Day"—just at the time when yet another piece of evidence has been fitted into the jigsaw puzzle, supporting the contention that even if Vanzetti was innocent, as he may have been, he was shielding Sacco, who was not. Mr. Russell's detailed exposition of this point is particularly telling.

New Haven, Conn. JOHN DRAILLIT

Lindbergh's Honor

I don't mind John Lukacs' taking issue, in his review of David Irving's book *Hitler's War* [Aug 19], with my article on Charles Lindbergh in the May 1977 issue of *The Alternative*. As an old-time reviewer I can stand the heat in the kitchen. But I do violently object to his remark that one of my statements was "not very honest." When I wrote in *The Alternative* that Lindbergh went to Germany on "patriotic, pro-democratic, and even pro-Jewish missions," I was quite literally accurate. Lindbergh did not go to Germany on his own: he was asked to go by the U.S. and French governments (both democratic). His mission, on two occasions, was to discover what he could about German plane production and air force organization. Our military attaché in Berlin, Colonel Truman Smith, was an infantryman who thought Lindbergh, an aviator, could do a job of scouting that was beyond Smith's own capacity.

On a third occasion Lindbergh was asked by our ambassador, Hugh Wilson, to undertake a mission on behalf of the German Jews. Let me quote from Colonel Smith's intelligence report, printed in the introduction to Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *The Flower and the Nettle*. Says Smith: "Mr. Wilson saw in a visit by Lindbergh the chance to entertain Goering in the American Embassy without Ribbentrop's presence. The Ambassador further informed the military attaché that he hoped to obtain, at such a dinner, Goering's support for certain measures especially desired by the State Department concerning the financial plight of the large number of Jews who were being forced to emigrate from Germany in a penniless condition. Mr. Wilson felt that Goering was about the only leader in the Nazi government who might be won over to favor such a humanitarian measure."

There is more about Lindbergh's pro-Jewish visit in an unpublished manuscript by Truman Smith in the Yale University library. I saw this several years ago, and wrote about it in NATIONAL REVIEW. Apparently Mr. Lukacs' reading of NATIONAL REVIEW has been spotty.

I happen to agree with Mr. Lukacs that no true conservative could possibly support Hitler's cause. I am just as happy as he is that the Third Reich lost the war. I do not yield to him in admiration for Winston Churchill. But I do insist on justice for Charles Lindbergh, who was never a Hitler partisan. He wanted to keep the U.S. out of war for quite patriotic reasons that were based on his father's La Follettean tradition. He happened to be wrong about Britain's ability to withstand the German air attack in the Battle of Britain. He couldn't know, at the time, that the British were privy, through their "Ultra" decoding machine, to German plans even down to the tactical level. So he made a mistake. Does that besmirch his honor?

Mr. Lukacs has no right to question my honesty, and I deeply resent his imputation.

Cheshire, Conn. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In Praise of Herberg

I have read with great pleasure your tribute to Will Herberg [Aug. 5]. The six brief articles express an empathetic understanding of the man, his thought, his place in American religious history, and his excellence as a teacher.

I was fortunate enough to take a large number of Herberg's courses and tutorials during my seminary and graduate school training. He never ceased to amaze me and other students. The wide horizon of his learning was uncanny. He was a true academic superstar.

He used various means to convey his message. I recall a time when he was lecturing on John Calvin. A friend of mine raised his hand to ask how a loving God could predestine some men to damnation. Herberg replied that only a man of little faith would ask such a question. My friend got the message. And I think all of us who were fortunate enough to study with him will never forget the message or the man.

Morris Plains, N.J. CARL OLSON

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SISTER MARY LAWRENCE RILEY, VHM
St. Louis, Mo.

Growing Pains

Re John Passmore's review of two books on ecology and population growth [Aug. 5]: Population growth, obviously, is not always "the necessary condition of all social good," as Passmore paraphrases James A. Weber as saying in *Grow or Die?* It may have been so when Columbus discovered an empty continent with only about a million nomads. It is not so now that we have a saturation level of population, now that doubling the population would reduce by one-half the per capita access to finite mineral resources. No amount of academic rhetoric can make anything good out of that. Perhaps Weber's title should be not *Grow or Die?* but *Grow and Die.*

Palmdale, Calif. WILLIAM W. PORTER II

Next Year in Jerusalem

Wonderful news! You know that "religious freedom for all faiths to worship in Jerusalem" that you were demanding ["The Sticking Point," Aug. 5]? You got it! The editors of *NR*, His Holiness the Pope, and the ruling prince of Saudi Arabia can all go and each do his thing in Jerusalem right now!

It wasn't always that easy, of course. When those pious Moslems had the city no Jew could worship there. Oddly enough, that didn't seem to bother His Holiness or the editors of *NR*. Oh—you *knew* all that? Funny, you didn't mention it.

Beverly Hills, Calif. SAUL DAVID

Politics and Medicine

There is no doubt that Sheila Cassidy's article ["Prayer under Duress"] in your July 22 issue is very touching. Almost beautiful. Yet, no matter how devoted to God or to her medical career Dr. Cassidy may be, there is no doubt that when she treated the Chilean "wounded revolutionary" she was clearly taking advantage of her foreign status to intrude in Chilean political matters. Whether she denies it or not, she was shielding—if not conniving with—the ideas and actions of her patient: a Marxist and assassin. One cannot but ponder on whether her mystical reaction obeys to a sense of guilt or self-protection. After all, in Chile everybody knows that her confession blew up the Chilean terrorist network.

Another point is that though Dr. Cassidy in her article chooses to forget who

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the "wounded revolutionary" was, she very well knew the risk she was taking. Or so she said in an interview which appeared in the *New Age Journal* of May 6, 1976. Besides, Chilean laws are quite clear on a doctor's duty when treating bullet-wounded patients. As clear as British and American laws.

Regarding the poverty, suffering, and hunger which so appalled Dr. Cassidy, why precisely was she on the side of those who were responsible for the Chilean economy's deterioration? She, as a doctor, seems to have been unaware of the utter turmoil that filled hospitals during the Allende administration because of strikes and sloth. I, as a doctor, can say that the contamination of our surgery rooms and the upheaval in our hospitals was unlimited. Also, because of an intentional Marxist policy, meant to hide away the most basic medical elements, we had no bandages, cotton, alcohol, etc. Were not the poor whom Dr. Cassidy refers to the most affected by this lack?

GUILLERMO ESCUDERO, MD
Santiago, Chile

A–

David Brudnoy's review of *Star Wars* ["The Perfect Movie," July 22] was wonderful. It had, however, one glaring error which prevented it from being perfect, too. *Star Wars* is not set "long ago and

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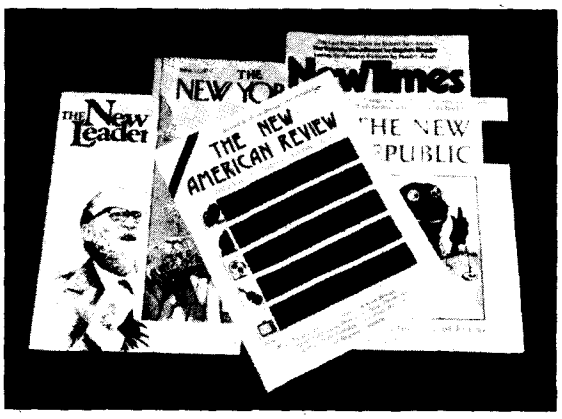

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very far away" but "long ago . . . far, far away." Since the rest of the article seems to illustrate that David is a good child in other respects, we can only lament, "What do they teach them in those schools?"

The article also failed to make mention of Chewbacca, the Wookie. While this is not precisely an error, is it really prudent to leave out a creature which can "tear your arm from its socket"?

Decatur, Ga. STEVEN D. COLLIER

Rhyme or Reason

If *Fáil* "rhymes with" foil [Hugh Kenner, "How the Cruiser Was Grounded and Finn MacCool Returned," Aug. 5], what is the sound of the *F*? *Gh* as in fish?

Oak Ridge, Tenn. W. M. WOODS

Keeping Our Secrets

When you wrote recently ["The Week," Aug. 5] that we are far ahead of the Soviet Union in technology, I reflected that our lead has consistently been shortened by espionage and treason, and I predicted that our potential adversary would soon acquire secrets concerning the cruise missile.

Now I have just read that Carl John Heiser has been arrested in Florida for attempting to sell components of the cruise missile to Soviet agents in Cuba. Was he stopped only by such an accident as the one which prevented Christopher John Boyce from turning over all the secrets of TRW Systems to the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City? Why was Heiser given the opportunity to commit espionage? Who trusted him too much? Why?

There was the case in 1976 of Sahag K. Dedeyan, a mathematician on a project for the Navy at Johns Hopkins University. Who decided that it was safe to let a native of Lebanon, a member of that country's most pro-Communist ethnic minority, have access to secrets of American defense planning so vital that they had to be revised after Dedeyan passed them on to the Soviet UN delegation? Congressman Thomas J. Downey of New York has charged that the Energy Research and Development Administration was "handing out top level security clearances like penny candy." I have never read of any effort to tighten up internal security practices in ERDA or anywhere else in response to Mr. Downey's criticism.

New York, N.Y. EUGENE T. DOYLE

The Party Line

The combined powers of the U.S. and Canadian post offices move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform, their latest wonder being the simultaneous arrival here of the June 24 and the July 8 issues of *NR*.

I was thus able to read in the course of one evening both Ferdinand Mount's review of *The Future That Doesn't Work* and James Burnham's review of *Utopia and Revolution*.

As far as I could make out, Mr. Mount castigates R. Emmett Tyrrell and the various hands that collaborated on that book of essays for not grasping the distinction between social democracy (which is *good*), and socialism (which is *bad*).

In the next issue, however, the Sage of Connecticut appears to fault Melvin Lasky, the author of *Utopia and Revolution*, for "remaining true to the social democratic vision" (*bad*?)

Surely, there must be a decent restaurant in New York (or Connecticut?) where the star-studded editorial board of *NR* could meet and symposiastically define the party line on social democracy? Do invite me!

Winnipeg, Man. F. S. MANOR

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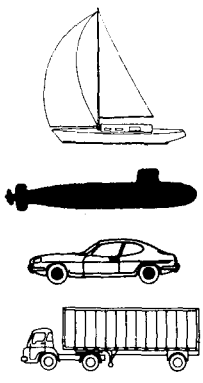

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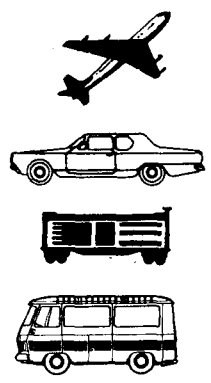

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wide a variety of eccentrics as possible contributes to Books, Arts, & Manners. Nearly any writer who knows his business and does not permit himself to be distracted from it to preach infanticide, anti-semitism, or Tolkien's cosmology can speak his mind in the back of the book. As for a party line: not even George Nash has been able to furnish us with that. —CW

The Ethics of Ethics

I was happy to see an article in a national publication on the need to teach ethics in business schools ["Ethics in the Academy," by Russell Kirk, June 24]. I would think, however, that when commenting on the need for ethics in business, the ethics of journalism would require the journalist to check with the university discussed in the article. If Mr. Kirk had done that, he would have found that this university has never taken action to dismiss Mr. O'Brien and that Mr. O'Brien has presented his case many times before, in countless hours before grievance panels, courts of law, and government agencies.

I wish to point out that Mr. Kirk's article is based on a premise which proposes that the university violate the academic freedom of faculty who have the primary responsibility for the design and implementation of the curriculum. The premise suggests that the university administration require students not just to take ethics in business but ethics as interpreted by Mr. O'Brien. The university, on the other hand, has provided academic freedom by allowing students the choice to take Mr. O'Brien's courses or not to take them.

I think also that your readers should know that Mr. O'Brien has been a full professor at this university since 1971 and has regularly offered his course in ethics and is scheduled to do so again this fall semester.

Fresno, Calif. NORMAN A. BAXTER
President
California State University, Fresno

A Very Small Fortune

M. Stanton Evans is rightly disgusted ["Dark Horses," July 8] by the gigantic fraud of Social Security, but in viewing with alarm the effects of the various escalator clauses, he has overlooked something. $34,000 per month sounds like a lot of money, but the important question is, What will it buy? The inflation rate is currently running at about 1 per cent per month; 2050 − 1977 = 73 years; 73 years × 12 months = 876 months; 1.01 to the 876th power = 6102; $34,000 divided by 6102 is $5.57. In other words, by the time American retirees are entitled to that princely income, it won't be worth anything to speak of, thus solving the problem. And you thought liberals were dumb.

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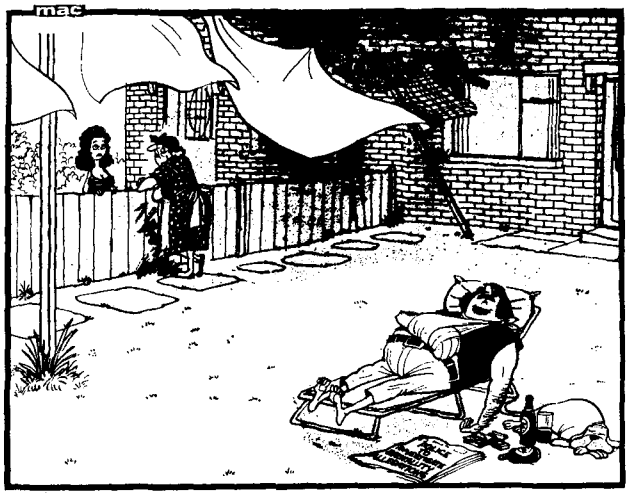
FOR THE RECORD

■ The Carter people gearing up for a fight over the **Panama Canal** treaty. Members of Congress have received White House telegrams. . . . Republicans are divided. **Ford** and **Kissinger** have agreed to support it. But **Strom Thurmond** still thinks settlement would be "disastrous"; Rep. **Robert Bauman** (R., Md.) declares "we've been robbed." . . . Senate Majority leader **Robert Byrd** (D., Va.) feels "public opinion is not ready for it," wants to move slowly. . . . **Ronald Reagan**, though skeptical of Administration attempts to sell the treaty, will withhold judgment until he sees the terms.



Mac, London Daily Mail Rothco

"Our Rodney is thinking of giving evidence—some brute of a policeman at Grunwick's hit him on the fist with his face . . ."

■ In other congressional action **Ralph Nader** has been mailing nickels to congressmen to induce them to support the **Agency for Consumer Advocacy** bill, on the theory that the agency, if approved, will cost only five cents a year per American. Nonsense, says ACU Executive Director **Jim Roberts**, who has launched a penny-mailing counteroffensive called "Common Cents." . . . Labor Secretary **Roy Marshall** admits that proposed **minimum wage hike** to $2.65 would cost 90,000 jobs. Chamber of Commerce President **Louis Neeb** puts the figure somewhat higher—teenage jobs alone would drop by 391,000. . . . Reps. **John Ashbrook** and **John Erlenborn** are co-sponsoring an "**Employee Bill of Rights Act**" which would, among other things, block mandatory political contributions by union members and guarantee secret ballots for strike votes. . . . Sen. **William Proxmire** (liberal maverick), does not like the Administration's **welfare program**, which he deems "seriously inflationary" and capable of overruns *"that will make Medicare look* like penny-ante stuff." Sen. **Russell Long**, less eloquent, simply calls it "foolhardy."

■ **Andrew Young**, barnstorming through the Caribbean, took a break in Guyana to chat with Rhodesian terrorist **Joshua Nkomo**. Nkomo, Young concluded, is "conciliatory" and "does not want continued civil strife." Two days later Nkomo said in New York that he couldn't foresee any significant changes without "much more fighting." . . . Minding one's own business: Mayor **Paul Soglin** of Madison, Wisc. and 14 of the 22 members of the Madison Common Council have called for preservation of "the integrity of the Blanket Hill," site of the **Kent State** shooting in 1970 and of proposed new gym.

■ **The Heritage Foundation**, Washington-based conservative think-tank, has released the premier issue of *Policy Review*, a quarterly journal edited by **Robert Schuettinger**, and aimed at academics and Establishment policymakers. Among the first contributors: **Robert Moss**, **Robert Conquest**, **Anthony Harrigan**, **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**.

■ The Sixth World Psychiatric Association will open August 28, and Russian dissident **Vladimir Bukovsky** is urging it to repudiate Soviet "psychiatric" techniques. A similar effort before the last Congress meeting in Mexico failed, but the Soviets, said Bukovsky, were so alarmed they released several of their political "patients." . . . Twenty-eight Communist parties (from the Soviet Union to San Marino) acted swiftly to denounce the **neutron bomb**; they were later joined by 27 East German scientists, including atom spy **Klaus Fuchs**. . . . At the same time, other **East German** scientists were testing a new **border gun** which is capable of firing several cartridges simultaneously. Bullets have been designed to penetrate padded clothing often worn by refugees. . . . *Komunist*, the official organ of the **Yugoslav Communist Party**, is exercised over the latest twist in Balkan fashion: jeans, shirts, and bathing suits decorated with little American flags. "Why should this not be halted?" the editors have demanded. An anonymous Yugoslav told Western journalists: "Poor old **Marx**—he never caught on to the laws of supply and demand."

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THE WEEK

■ No names, please, but they say the neutron bomb can wipe out tinhorn dictators without damaging canals.

■ Sam Brown, Sixties student activist, is now a globe-trotting diplomat, currently accompanying Andrew Young to Jamaica where they, on behalf of you and me, are cuddling up with Fidel groupie Michael Manley, the island's Prime Minister. Manley has taken giant steps toward the demolition of a) Jamaica's economy and b) political opposition and journalistic criticism. "Coming down here isn't just a case of seeing what we can do for Jamaica," says Brown. "The Jamaicans have a lot to teach us, too." Sam is clearly eager to learn. Maybe we could send him to Cambodia for postgraduate studies.

■ Barry Goldwater's profanation of the TVA in 1964 played its small part in his defeat. But battle lines get redrawn, and now two sacred cows have locked horns: the environmentalist lobby and the TVA. The EPA has charged the TVA with being the nation's Number One sulphur dioxide polluter; a coalition of private environmentalist groups has brought a suit which the EPA may join. As the environmentalists' leader huffily pointed out, at the very time when President Carter has expressed a strong desire for stack scrubbers, the TVA, itself an arm of government, is busily engaged in resisting "the same technology that private industry has tried and found successful."

■ The Supreme Court has agreed to hear this fall the case of *The Regents of the University of California* v. *Allan Bakke*, in which Bakke avers that the University discriminated against him some years ago by rejecting his application for admission to its medical school and accepting instead that of a black applicant with an inferior academic record. Thus the Court's decision will be a landmark, passing as it must upon the validity of preferential admissions and jobs quotas instituted as part of "affirmative action" programs. How the Justices will decide, no man can say; but we do hope that they have taken to heart the confessions in the *Wall Street Journal* of a former Under Secretary of Labor, Mr. Laurence H. Silberman, who spent the years 1970-73 engaged in a job of social uplift that he now deeply regrets: the formulation of minority employment goals for government contractors. Alas: "I now realize that the distinction we saw between goals and timetables on the one hand, and unconstitutional quotas on the other, was not valid. Our use of numerical standards in pursuit of equal opportunity has led ineluctably to the very quotas, guaranteeing equal results, that we initially wished to avoid." And Silberman is willing to follow his reasoning to its ultimate conclusion: "This distinction between goals and quotas [is] perhaps more metaphysical than real. . . ." As for the stricken cries of the universities—their protestations that if Bakke wins his case there won't be a black or Chicano or Puerto Rican kid in any law or medical school in the land—Silberman dismisses them with a perfunctory wave. "The major discriminatory barriers have been broken and can never be rebuilt. But it is now up to the Supreme Court to ensure the survival of the fundamental principles of American democracy."

■ There have been some indications—official clarifications of Youngian pronouncements, for example—that the Carter Administration may have been talking a tougher game on South Africa than it would ever be willing to play: i.e., that it is totally serious about political rights for South African blacks but does not want so short a timetable as to endanger the country's survival. However, South African Premier John Vorster, speaking to the Foreign Affairs Association in Pretoria, has described the American policy as "strangulation with finesse"; he departed, apparently, from his prepared text to say that the Carter policy seemed to be a payoff to American blacks. Thus, either Vorster rejects the optimistic theory of the Carter Administration's intentions —or he feels that pressures among his own people have built up to the extent that he has to appease them, at least with rhetoric, in order to avert an explosion.

■ TASS, the official Soviet news agency, recently gave unusual publicity to a study by Soviet specialists of the influence of American Jews in trade, banking, industry, the press, and politics. Among the specialists' conclusions: that the Democratic Party is more closely connected to Jewish capital than the Republican; that Jews

Taint

Like soot upon a virgin snow
Or BO in a bride's trousseau,
The sweetish smell from Mr. Lance
Commands the eye to look askance.
Thus, Ribicoff and Percy say
They'd rather look the other way—
Although just yesterday, it seems,
"A smoking gun" was in their dreams.
Thank goodness that the Oval Room
Continues smelling like perfume.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Perhaps it's the dreary August weather, unusually torrid and enervating even for Washington, which traditionally becomes a tropical swamp in late summer. Or perhaps it's that Congress is out of town, junketing around the globe in search of the perfect hangover. But whatever the reason, the mood in Washington—especially the mood among members of the Carter Administration—is definitely down.

There's the Bert Lance business, bringing with it the first real whiff of corruption to emanate from the new Administration. There's Chip Carter, whose well-known fondness for Beautiful People and Washington watering spots has earned him a one-way ticket back to Plains. There's Billy, who is resigning from the peanut business to work full-time at capitalizing on his brother's name, something that has the White House image-makers climbing the wall.

And meanwhile, throughout the Administration, members of Carter's official family continue to feud in public. Joseph Califano, bureaucratic empire-builder par excellence, battles with secessionist educationalists within HEW, who hope, with congressional and White House help, to establish a separate Department of Education. And on the other flank, Califano is busy beating off Patricia Harris, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, who believes Califano's welfare reform proposals will result in the annexation of considerable chunks of her territory. Cyrus Vance is muttering about Zbigniew Brzezinski, who is is said to view him as a somewhat ineffectual errand boy. And the FTC is angrily attempting to reassert authority over areas that it believes have been unfairly preempted by the Justice Department.

On the legislative front, the Administration seems unable to mount a successful offensive. Vice President Mondale's proposed electoral reforms, widely referred to here as "the goo-goo package," are as dead as Calvin Coolidge's horse. There will be no public financing of Senate races. The Hatch Act won't be repealed. Instant registration is out. Nor are the prospects brighter for many of the somewhat less goo-gooish proposals. Critics all across the political spectrum, from conservatives to the AFL-CIO, are opening up on the welfare proposals. The highly touted plan to put a cap on hospital costs lies in tatters, revised beyond recognition. The plan for a comprehensive system of national health insurance, which Carter once promised to submit late this year, has yet to be drawn up, and White House aides now say privately that it is unlikely that any such comprehensive plan will be drafted before mid-1978. And now the Panama Canal battle looms just ahead, and the Administration is running scared.

The Canal issue is a big one, involving as it does the first major test of the President's foreign policy. And without significant Republican help, he will take a beating. Pro-treaty spokesmen admit, however, that that help will be difficult to come by. For one thing, poll after poll shows that a majority of voters oppose the giveaway. For another, Carter's negotiators have been less than forthcoming. The pro-treaty forces have already begun to blitz the talk shows and hustle the Senate. Yet as of this writing, the texts of the treaties have not been made public. Nor has the Administration's attempt to get Henry Kissinger and Gerald Ford out in front as treaty salesmen been politically convincing. Many on the Hill see in the hard-sell drive signs of desperation. If the treaty is fully debated, they believe, and if the newly revived coalition between Republicans and conservative Democrats continues to hold together, then the vote could easily be put off till next year. And that, of course, is an election year, during which Administration insiders admit they'd be hard pressed to find sufficient votes.

Perhaps it's just August and the inevitable dog-days depression that settles in here each summer. But for the moment, at least, all the symptoms are of an Administration in trouble. And no one in the White House seems to know what to do about it.

■ A very pretty piece of philosophical governmental gobbledygook, gleaned by the *Washington Star* from a document entitled "Propaedeutic for Federal Supply Service Organization Analyses and Design": "Most of the FSS reorganization argumentation observed to date resembles the classical Kantian antinomies, i.e., contradictory organization options are argued with equal logical plausibility without any fact determining the outcome." —CATO

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who support Israel are so influential that "it would be a mistake" for American politicians not to do so; that "there is little hope of any change in the American course of supporting Israel." In contrast with Soviet commentators' usual practice of using the word "Zionist" for Israel's supporters, the TASS article made frequent use of the word "Jew." It sounds like war.

■ A group of young French intellectuals have joined together in an attempt to influence their country's political thought and action—not an unusual event, except that the uniting factor is their perception that Communism is evil in and of itself: that Marxism wasn't turned wrong by Lenin, Stalin, Mao, it naturally attracted such men. Most of these New Philosophers, as they call themselves, took part in the student uprisings of 1968-69; many of them were Marxists of one stripe or another, of philosophy," but for the next seven months they will apply themselves to a more immediate concern: averting a Common Front victory in the spring.
and they became disillusioned with the Left as a result of their own first-hand experience of it. But it is not only Marxism that they oppose: they believe that any schemes—any systems—for mandatorily revising human beings en masse are doomed at best to fail, at worst to be counterproductive. That doesn't mean we turn to nihilism, says the leader of the group, Bernard-Henri Lévy (his book is called *Barbarism with a Human Face*): nihilism "wants to tear everything down with the same illusion that if you start from scratch you can make a better world." Rather, there should be enough government to keep a certain amount of order, within which people can plan their own lives. The New Philosophers are mainly interested in these "fundamental questions

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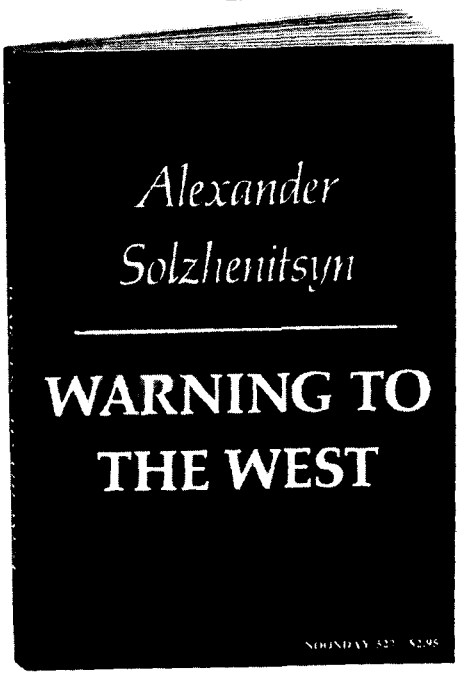

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In fact, it's hard to overrate Solzhenitsyn's impact. Malcolm Muggeridge goes so far as to call him "the greatest man now alive in the world" and this book will give you a good idea *why* he makes such a statement. As Lane Kirkland says in his foreword, "A principle of mechanics tells us that, given a long-enough lever, one man can move the entire world." Solzhenitsyn is putting that principle to the test. Will America listen? Will you?

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■ HELSINKI REVIEW, FREE MOVEMENT OF PERSONS DIVISION: The Soviet government chose the first weekend of the Belgrade conference to reject the latest application by Rudolf Nureyev's mother for permission to visit her son in the West. A usual reason for rejecting foreign-travel applications is that working-age applicants are too valuable to the Soviet state. Since Nureyev's mother is 73, they had to find a different reason for her, and, being resourceful, they did: "She has been told that she is too old," Nureyev reported, "that she doesn't really want to go. They put words into her mouth, and try to force her to sign documents that she doesn't want to come out. She has refused."

■ NEWS FLASH: Reports have been received in Moscow that farmers in Byelorussia are having "exceptional difficulties" in harvesting this year's grain crop because of heavy rains—a stroke of bad luck that could contribute to the Soviet Union's sixtieth annual unexpectedly poor harvest on account of weather.

■ BUT WHY? WHY? DEPT. Maybe David (Son of Sam) Berkowitz expresses the sickness of our society. Did that ever occur to you? No? Well, it occurred to columnist Pete Hamill: "This might be just a man who grew up in a society obsessed with stars. A society where some people are made to feel that ordinary, difficult, dull work is somehow worthless. A society that glorifies some banjo player with a hit song and sneers at a sanitation man, who does infinitely more for his fellow human beings. Maybe that drove him crazy."

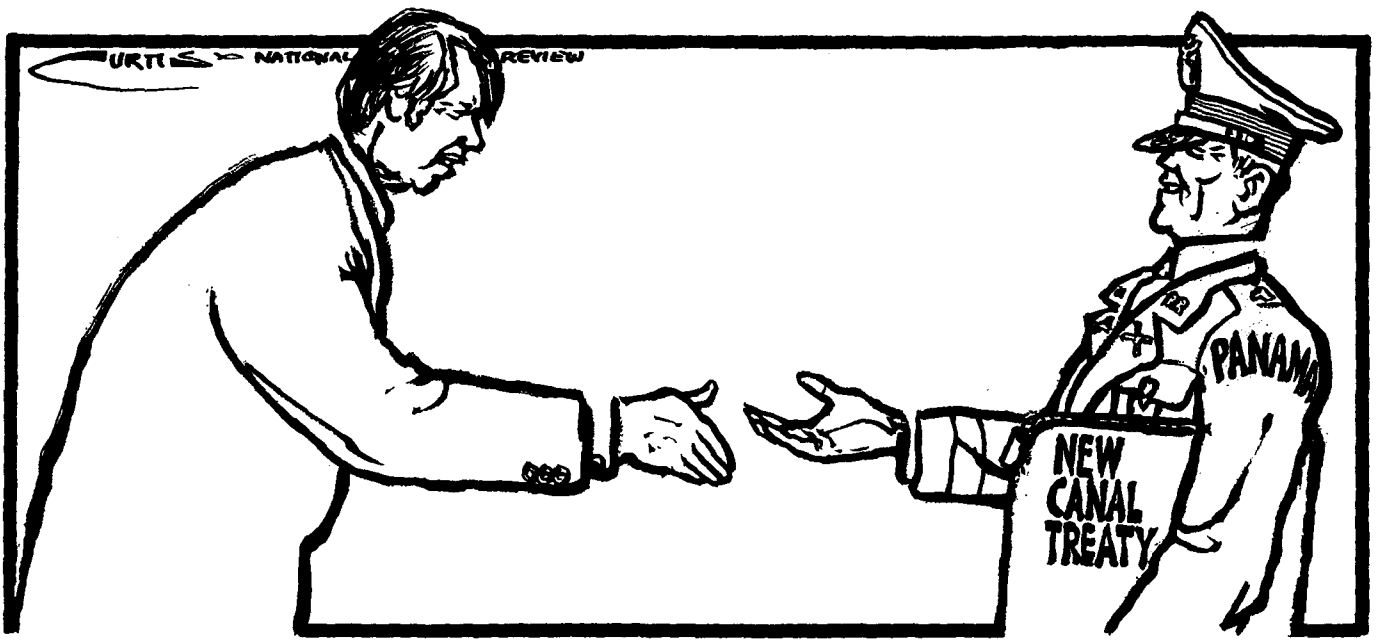
■ We're not the only ones with problems. The Soviet economy faces a prolonged slowdown due to drying oil reserves and declining birthrates, according to a recent CIA report. To solve the second problem, the Soviets appear to be turning to bastardy. "We prize maiden honor and woman's dignity," said a recent issue of the *Literary Gazette*. "But what is to be done about the statistics?"

■ SCORE ONE FOR LYSENKO: A hen in Osh, Russia, has laid an egg with nine yolks.

■ Why the strange silence on the brain drain in Nigeria?

■ The year could probably pass without serious interruption in the heavenly orbits if NATIONAL REVIEW were not to take note of the 25th Anniversary of *MAD* Magazine. But since we have room, we might as well record that the cosmic event was celebrated in *The New York Times Magazine* of July 31 by Tony Hiss (son of Alger) and Jeff Lewis. This may seem frivolous but it is not. In the article we are informed that not only is *MAD*'s publisher, Bill Gaines, "a happy-go-lucky millionaire" and its first editor Harvey Kurtzman "a living legend" and *MAD* itself still "coining money," but the magazine "is still speaking directly to millions of kids each month." In case you think *that's* not important, we are told in the next sentence that "the skeptical generation of kids it shaped in the 1950s is the same generation that in the 1960s opposed a war and didn't feel bad when the United States lost for the first time . . ." Wait till their fiftieth anniversary.

■ First the good news: slavery is practically non-existent in New York. The bad news concerns Natividad Diza and Perlita Diza Winthal, two Filipino sisters who, back in 1969, innocently answered a job ad back home and wound up working up to 19 hours a day, seven days a



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week, for eight years, in the employ of two United Nations officials (one a Filipino, one an Indian) who forbade them to leave their places of employment and paid them approximately betel nuts. The UN's own Human Rights Commission is handling the case. New York's Finest can't touch it, since UN personnel enjoy diplomatic immunity against parking tickets, the Emancipation Proclamation, that sort of thing.

■ OH THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND: "*Trial period of smiles at ten rail stations.* Staff at ten railway stations in the Southern Region yesterday began a four-week experiment that, it is hoped, will persuade more people to travel by train. The object of the exercise, devised by senior officials of the British Railways Board, is to discover whether acting in an amicable manner toward the customers will increase the revenue of one of the more anemic nationalized industries. 'We want to make people feel a little more like individuals, less like a traveling mass.' Reports from some stations suggested that travelers had difficulty in detecting any change." (London *Times*, August 8.)

■ The Food and Drug Administration is preparing new guidelines, i.e., federal recipes, for ice cream. Get your home freezer fast.

The Proposed Treaty: Preliminary Thoughts

The precise language is not yet available but the shape and content of the proposed Panama Canal treaty are clear. The debate in the Senate over ratification and in the House over relinquishment of real estate will be intense and the outcome uncertain—although the smell of eventual approval is in the air. Certainly the support of Henry Kissinger and Gerald Ford will be of great help to the Administration.

The military, economic, and political issues are substantial but the issue of national pride is soul-searing for Americans, especially for conservatives who unashamedly own up to a pride in their national history which it is liberal chic (particularly post-Vietnam) to deride. Clearly, the Panama Canal is an object of national pride and rightly so. It is a part of our historical patrimony as much as it is of Panama's. For those ashamed of our past, the treaty poses an easy downhill decision—one that can even be worn as a penitential hair shirt. For conservatives, it presents a personal spiritual crisis. All the more reason why they should resolve it in line with a principled conservative rationale.

Conservatives, as men of principle, quite rightly resent the distortion of both history and principle implicit in much of the fevered denigration that has been poured on the U.S. for the actions it took to make the Canal possible. People with no sense of history seek to condemn American actions in 1902 by their own personal post-Vietnam standards of 1977. But what the U.S. did in 1902 was not colonialism—on the contrary, it was because of it that Panama gained its independence. It was not imperialistic profit-making—the Canal has not made a profit. The U.S. took advantage of an existing situation and turned it into one of the greatest engineering, economic and commercial, social and political—yes, social and political too, for a new nation was created—achievements of civilization. Some things went wrong and some were not done well—as always, and we should not blink them. But the important thing for conservatives to note is that as far as is known today the terms of the proposed treaty do not incorporate any pejorative interpretation of American history. It is a straightforward definition of a new contractual relationship, to be measured on its merits, not on what some Panamanian patriotic chauvinists (excusably) or American inverted-chauvinists (inexcusably) may say about history.

Very well. Let's look at what we are told the treaty will include. If the following summary proves to be wrong, then all bets are off.

I.

1. The U.S. will be primarily responsible for defense of the Canal until 2000 A.D. and can retain some of its military bases there. Panama will participate, and in 2000 will assume primary responsibility. Even then the U.S. will have a contingent right of intervention; the terms of what may trigger this intervention must be carefully examined when the full text is available.

2. The U.S. will have primary responsibility—with increasing Panamanian participation—for administration of the Canal until 1990 when the roles reverse. Even then the U.S. will continue to be involved.

3. Sixty-five per cent of the Zone's territory, not essential to Canal operation, will be transferred immediately to Panama.

4. Panama will receive $40 to $50 million annually from Canal revenues and $10 million for the Canal's operation. Panama will also receive substantial military assistance and some $300 million in aid credits.

Where does this leave us?

It leaves us in a far better position than seemed likely in 1975 when it appeared that the U.S. might abandon its responsibility to defend the Canal. That is important to conservatives, who believe in defense. In fact, given the state of warfare in 1977, our own military men support the treaty on the ground that the Canal can be better defended with the treaty than without it. In case of external attack, it can be defended only by air and sea and, in the treaty, Panama agrees that we should continue to defend it. There is no, repeat no, direct defense from

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Panama itself against an attack by missile—with or without the treaty. Such an attack must be seen in a much larger, even world-wide, context; and whatever defense action might be taken would have to come from somewhere other than Panama. The most realistic kind of military action would be guerrilla warfare, and defense against that is very difficult under any circumstances. One thing is sure—it could be done far better together with Panama than without it; or worse, against it.

II.

But will the Canal be managed effectively? Or will it become an instrument for corrupt extortion? Conservatives recognize that in the long run output must balance input. Of course nothing is certain and there can be no guarantee of good management, as is painfully evident from our own welfare system. But under the treaty Panama guarantees non-discriminatory rates, and the U.S. position in this respect is well protected. Moreover, we have 23 years to cultivate a self-sustaining management system. Beyond that there is an auspicious precedent—the Suez Canal, where the expelled British and French managers predicted an Egyptian Augean stable. In fact, however, the Egyptians (who had less going for them than the Panamanians) ran the Suez Canal quite well until the Six-Day War—barring, of course, their exclusion of the Israelis, which was political, not managerial.

As for the 65 per cent of Zonal territory to be yielded, it is no great loss to the Canal and may be a considerable gain to Panama. Indeed, in the long run the spread of social and economic infrastructure into some of these areas could increase the feasibility of defense against guerrilla activity—assuming the cooperation of the Panamanian government, the likelihood of which is increased by the treaty.

Of course, all the foregoing depends on the actual text of the treaty and of the related protocols and understandings. But assuming that they will be consistent with the outline we have been given, the treaty deserves not to be rejected out of hand. On the contrary, precisely because of the spiritual wrench it would cause, it is important enough to be seriously, if painfully, examined. Summary rejection is too easy.

But are we making a fatal mistake in negotiating "under duress"? Both Ronald Reagan and the former legal advisor to Dulles' State Department, Henry Phleger, say we are. Certainly, there has been pressure on us. But duress can be a function of time and change as well as a result of threats. If it is true that military and economic situations have changed since World War II in ways which change the role of the Panama Canal, then those changes should be taken into account, thereby avoiding the duress of time lost. This is no cloak for capitulation. On the contrary, it is predicated on the existence of a genuine need for negotiated change. There are arguments to be made in favor of retaining the present arrangements regarding the Canal, but let them be made *on their merits* first, not short-circuited by the argument of duress.

We departed from the Philippines without duress in 1946 because we made a decision in our own time in 1936. Had we not made it we would surely have experienced spiraling duress after 1946 as the British, French, and Dutch did elsewhere. This involves a kind of sensitivity to history. Nationalism is perhaps the strongest force abroad in the world today. As Americans we can sympathize with that. As conservatives, we can be grateful that in Panama we are dealing bilaterally, not in the multilateral miasma of the United Nations; and with nationalism, not with rampant left-wing ideology.

All these and other factors should be taken into account in reaching our conclusion about the treaty when its text is available. But there is yet another factor of a special kind—the all-too-familiar post-Vietnam syndrome. Let us suppose that the treaty is defeated in Congress—as well it might be. What then? We hardly need Ambassador Bunker to remind us of the predictable consequences in Panama, in Latin America, in the United Nations, in the world. Are we ready to hold the Canal against all possible assaults, political, military, in the guerrilla minefield, in the media, the OAS, and the UN?

III.

Conservatives are realists and here is a test of realism. We are only four years out of Vietnam, a war that conservatives did not get us into. Nevertheless, the U.S. was in it, and stood by in 1975 while Hanoi openly violated the Paris agreement to invade and conquer South Vietnam. The U.S. has made a habit of self-flagellation, turning over the system rock by rock, sparing only those who got us into the Vietnam War. We have not yet recovered from the trauma of Vietnam. If we reject the treaty, are we in a position to "pursue policy by other means"? Probably not, at this time. Is this then the occasion to throw down the gauntlet? Listen to Barry Goldwater: "I would have said that we should fight for the Canal, if necessary. But the Vietnam years have taught me that we wouldn't."

There is a danger here—the danger of confusing a temporary mood with a long-range retreat. We are experiencing a transitional indisposition, not a long-term malignancy. We need not despair. But politics is as much an art of timing as of substance and strength. It has ebb and flow. There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the ebb—is damned foolishness. The point is that at this juncture we should husband the frayed political and spiritual resources of the nation, not subject them to unnecessary demands.

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The operative word is *unnecessary*. Based on the outline of the proposed treaty there seems to be no necessary reason to sound the call to arms. We retain what is essential until 2000 A.D. and even then will play an important part as well as some contingent defense role. We have some reason to believe the treaty will work. If not, then we will still be in a position to act if and when necessary. And what is most important, we would almost surely be in a stronger position to act at some later time in response to an actual threat or violation of the treaty than we would be now in defense of our own refusal to ratify.

Let us by all means examine the fine print of the treaty carefully. There may be some points that can be improved. But let us recognize that the world does change, that the military and economic significance of the Canal has changed, that both we and the Panamanians have a stake in making the treaty work, and let us not become the victim of the duress of lost time.

Frank Church Normalizes

Andrew Young may be more fatuous, but not more abject. Senator Frank Church, tireless champion of human rights in Chile, went to Cuba with misgivings—not about Fidel Castro, who invited him, but about Americans "operating under the illusion that the U.S. can remodel all countries of this hemisphere in its own image." Having thus forged into virgin intellectual territory, Church did his best, morally speaking, to bottom out.

The UPI photos told the story: there was Church, gazing rapturously at the Cuban strongman, looking for all the world as if he longed to snatch a few whiskers, or perhaps a cigar butt, as a precious memento of the occasion. Castro did give his guest a little present: he released 84 Americans-cum-Cuban-families. And Church was grateful! "I needn't emphasize what an important decision this is on the part of President Castro," he cooed, taking it personally. Which was exactly the correct way to take it, since Castro made the gesture as a payoff to the obsequious *yanqui* politician rather than as any sort of concession to human freedom.

Church said he thought it was up to the U.S. to match the beneficence. This is hard for a free country to do: we can't give people liberty when they're already free to go, though perhaps we could let Castro take his pick of any 84 Cubans in Miami. If a Frank Church were to preside over such a transaction, it could be made to sound like a moral and diplomatic triumph.

MacArthur

If movies make you mutter, "Ugh!"
Please go see Mr. Peck as Doug.
Though Doug was in the only war
The liberals did not abhor,
They couldn't stomach *him*—and so
Reviewers tend to pan the show.
But you go see it soon, you hear?
If you're like me, you'll drop a tear.
And when it's over, you'll agree
That Jimmy's nuts as HST.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Selling of Sam

The apprehension of the demented .44 killer is good news, especially for those who bring the news. It took Elvis Presley's death to knock him off the front pages of the New York tabloids, one of which, the *New York Post*, boasted with consummate vulgarity that its issue the day after the arrest had sold more copies than any edition "since Bobby Kennedy was shot." *Post* publisher Rupert Murdoch couldn't have been riding higher unless Berkowitz had shot Presley.

As for the good grey *New York Times*, its coverage was both thorough and unsensational—covering exactly the news that was fit to print, and consigning most of it to the middle of the paper. And there were no editorials blaming Berkowitz' acts on unemployment and racism, or calling for a Massive Federal Effort.

The pervasive terror was quickly dissipated not only by the arrest but by the fecklessly flaky person of the killer (*Post* headline: "Satanic Figure Really Just a Nerd"), who ramblingly claimed to have taken his orders from a neighbor's dog. All the same, it couldn't hurt anything to keep that dog tied up for a few days.

Sinai Curve

An unfortunate consequence of the renewed interest in the relationship between the money supply and inflation is that people who don't understand money feel compelled to write about it. Life was simpler in an earlier era, when Keynesian economists would have been content to neglect money altogether, preferring instead to play with their magical multipliers, accelerators, and Phillips Curves.

A representative sample of the newly faddish perversion of monetarism was offered by Allen Sinai of Data Resources at recent Senate Banking Committee hearings. He starts with the familiar theorem that the increase in money plus the increase in the rate at which money changes hands (velocity) equals the rate of increase in inflation plus the rate of increase in real output. But Sinai proceeds as if the increases in inflation and velocity were fixed by fate, so that more money will simply

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buy more goodies. The Federal Reserve should therefore provide enough money to finance the prevailing rate of inflation plus whatever real GNP growth is deemed appropriate. Sinai also said this in late 1975, and was proved quite wrong—inflation came down as far as money growth did, velocity soared, and interest rates plummeted.

Data Resources' econometric muddle used to say that inflation was caused by rising wages, rising wages were caused by low unemployment, and low unemployment was caused by inflation. That hopelessly circular reasoning was smashed by reality, and now they have no explanation of inflation at all—only extrapolations of past trends and *ad hoc* excuses for bad forecasts. Sinai therefore explains past reductions in inflation as "exogenous" or "autonomous," which is fancy talk for unexplained. He offers the incredible notion that "as volume drops, producers charge higher prices to maintain profits," which implies, strangely enough, that inflation and profits should pick up as business slows down.

The pathetic attempt to deny the slightest link between money and inflation leads Sinai into such sophomoric errors as explaining rising prices by pointing to other rising prices ("costs"), and adopting the Anglo-Italian notion that a rapid expansion of the money supply could hold interest rates down indefinitely. This is just another clumsy effort to absolve the authorities of responsibility for inflation. Calling it a computer "projection" doesn't make it any more sensible.

How Not to, in China

Just in case the Administration should feel a sudden urge to sacrifice Taiwan on Cyrus Vance's upcoming trip to Peking, American liberals are helpfully sharpening their knives. Harvard sinologist John Fairbank has declared himself willing to accept Peking's "three conditions" for normal relations—"no more recognition of the rival Republic of China, no security treaty with it, no American military in Taiwan"; while Edward Kennedy, in a Boston speech, urged us to "end . . . our defense treaty, and our formal diplomatic relations with the island."

What makes normalized relations with the Mainland so important that these gentlemen should be willing to chuck Taiwan in order to achieve them? Proponents of normalization have always assumed that, once Taiwan was out of the way, a hundred flowers of trade and diplomacy would bloom; and it is now often argued that if we do not embrace Peking, they will turn instead to the Russians. Add a few cracks, as Fairbank did, on Taiwanese "martial law," and you have the standard "realist" position, with a light human-rights touch.

On closer examination, the "realist" position turns out to be terribly unrealistic. Economically, the Mainland has little to offer besides tung oil and hog bristles, their current leading exports. Militarily, the Communists are both weak and erratic; and even if they were not, there is no reason to suspect that they would be anxious to work with us. The Chinese "don't particularly like foreigners," George Kennan observed in a recent burst of sense, "and I think they're capable of great ruthlessness when you least expect it." The return-to-Russia argument is equally flimsy; Sino-Soviet hostility is a matter of culture and geopolitics, not diplomatic fine-tuning; and in any case, Peking could scarcely do more in the way of pinning down Russian troops than it does now.

In exchange for these chimeras, Fairbank and Kennedy would abandon a 28-year-old friendship with a stable, industrious, and loyal ally. Kennedy of course would have us "make clear our opposition to use of force against Taiwan." At the same time, we should not "try to extract an explicit renunciation of force from Peking." Everything gets pulled out, in other words, except the rhetoric. Vance should carefully study their suggestions and make sure he does not follow them.

Beyond MAD

NATIONAL REVIEW recently analyzed ["The Week," August 19, August 5] several developments in the U.S. defense effort which, if we deploy them, would once again give us a (defensive) edge over the Soviet Union. Now James Buckley, in his first major speech since leaving the Senate, has succinctly stated why regaining our superiority is a matter of some urgency:

Because of the mutual assured destruction (MAD) doctrine that has guided U.S. nuclear policy since the

"It's time we took sex education out of the schools and put it back where it belongs: on the streets."

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McNamara days, we have unilaterally limited our ICBMs and SLBMs; we have aborted our ABM system; we have made no effort to bring our scientists' new discoveries out of the laboratory and onto the battlefield. But now MAD has become the subject of an "often acrimonious" debate among defense specialists: "One side of the strategic argument, the side that supports the present doctrine, is exemplified by Paul Warnke, whom President Carter has put in charge of SALT negotiations and disarmament planning. He is a man of great intelligence and self-assurance who proceeds on the premise that Soviet leaders are rational men—from which he concludes that they are men who think precisely as he does. It therefore follows, according to his school of thought, that if it is unthinkable to Paul Warnke that either superpower could ever launch a pre-emptive strike against the other, then no such strike will ever be ordered. Thus it becomes irrelevant by what margin the Soviets may ultimately outgun us in strategic warheads."

But what if the Soviet leadership does "conceive of a nuclear exchange as not only thinkable, but a nuclear war as winnable? They might be dead wrong—*dead*, [Warnke] would say; but if they disagree with the fundamental premises of the elegantly symmetrical doctrine of mutual deterrence, then deterrence fails and that doctrine becomes worse than useless; it becomes the nuclear age equivalent of the Maginot Line." Surveys of Soviet military literature imply that that is precisely how they conceive of nuclear war: and the physical evidence confirms it. Without the physical evidence—the buildup of missiles, the civil defense measures, the dispersal of military and industrial sites around the country—the military writing might be taken as a bluff aimed at us, or reassurance aimed at the Soviet people. Without the official writing, the military buildup might be taken as deriving from "nothing more than a monolithic momentum." Together, they make it clear that "if we are to maintain the credibility of our strategic deterrence, we must be prepared to develop and to maintain whatever weapons and defenses are appropriate to the new danger we will be facing—unless and until we negotiate enforceable agreements that will assure genuine strategic parity between the superpowers."

Elvis Presley, RIP

Posterity has a curious habit of glorifying unusual people. Few would have expected, for instance, that Connecticut insurance salesman Charles Ives would have turned out to be one of the premier modern composers, anticipating, in his leisure time, every major development of the European avant garde. Now, Elvis Presley was scarcely in Ives's category; but it may still be noted that musical historians of the future may give the gritty-voiced baritone a footnote or two.

Energizing with Jimmy

His taxes on oil will be massive,
  And ditto for natural gas.
His spurious goal for switching to coal
  Will stun the utilities' brass.
The missing incentives for drilling
  Explain why Arabians grin.
He gave us the word (or was it the bird?),
  And, O, how our cash will roll in!

W. H. VON DREELE

Presley's music, even at its best, was obscured by side issues like hair and hips; and the best lasted only a few short years before being overwhelmed by commercialism, white jumpsuits, and avoirdupois. But for a brief period in the middle Fifties, Presley produced a number of simple and vigorous charts, and created a musical style which, in the twenty years since, has not been entirely contemptible. Many a doctor of music, desperately trying to pick up the pieces after Mahler's Tenth, has done less.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the August 19 number of *NR* is the plaintive cry from one M—— W—— of Tipton, Oklahoma. Anyone who has had elementary psychology classes can easily see that it is a cry for help. Converted to conservatism, she is for some unknown reason slipping, and in her frantic search for security latched onto your physical person as the focus of her intellectual needs. It is obvious such a consummation cannot take place, I mean what would Mrs. Buckley say?

Therefore, feeling as I do that there is little time to lose, I herewith offer Miss M—— W——: myself. I am 27, somewhat underweight but in surprisingly good health. My friends tell me I take life much too seriously but c'est la vie. One owner low mileage. I know that she could appreciate my wit which if not sarcastic is at least charming and for logic, well I have demonstrated that in this letter. Howsa bout dat? She attends SMU, I am a Methodist, love Texans and Oklahomans, Oh I see the invisible hand in all of this.

I feel that she is approaching a crisis point in her intellectual development and as the conservative cause is the American cause, it is my patriotic duty to answer

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this clarion call to duty. Miss M—— W—— I am here at your disposal. I regret that I have but one libido to give for my country. Sincerely Yours;

Kenneth H. Hedrick
Harleysville, Pa.

■ 2-058796E227 08/15/77 ICS IPMRNCZ CS IPMRNCRN
DEAR BILL:

MOSTLY? MOSTLY? DON'T YOU MEAN EXCLUSIVELY? DOES PAGE 934 REVEAL A LAPSE IN PRECISION, OR IN VIRTUE? WHY NOT CALL THE COLUMN "NOTES AND ASSIGNATIONS"?

EGO TE ABSOLVO, MOSTLY.

MRS. DONALD SMITH
ATHERTON, CALIF.

Dear Mrs. Smith: Have you never heard of the sin of scrupulosity? WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Have just been reading about the events of Black Thursday in New York City—

Genesis Rewritten
(or the Preliminary Storming of the Bastille in New York)

And God said, "Let there be Light." And so did Con Edison.

And lo, there was Darkness.

Then Con Edison said, "Behold, this is an act of God." And God said, "Behold, this is an act of Con Edison."

So then God brought forth a laser Beame and called it Abraham. And lo, there was Light.

Moral? Don't let Edison Con you. Always keep a few candles handy for the Dark Ages. Also God works better without Con Edison.

Cordially,
Sidney Simon
London, W.12

P.S. If you enjoyed this letter, perhaps you would be kind enough to phone my father Ben Simon at ES 6-0460 (2134 Homecrest Avenue C-8, Brooklyn) and give him my best regards. Many thanks.

Dear Sidney: Your father's phone doesn't answer. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

I thank you very much for your letter of July 14.

I am, naturally, deeply pleased to hear you say that NATIONAL REVIEW misses my active support, and that the conservative movement still needs me.

I have had to discontinue my subscription to *NR* for one reason only, my failing eyesight. For 14 years Dr. James Duncan, eye specialist in White Plains, has been treating me for glaucoma. Last January he informed me that I now have the beginning of a cataract in my right eye.

Result? Anything I read now has to be done with especially strong reading glasses *plus* a magnifying glass.

At my age—ninety—this requires some strength of character when, for example, I read *The Valley of the Dolls.*

I have always looked upon NATIONAL REVIEW as wonderful. It has helped America in preserving our freedom —by slowing down the pace at which you and I have willy-nilly been forced to be skidding into Utopia, i.e., Nowhere. In short I love NATIONAL REVIEW, and all of its wonderful producers.

I am saving my unread copies of NATIONAL REVIEW for the day when, with my cataract removed, I'll be able to read not only the *Valley of the Dolls,* but also *NR.*

Meanwhile, what? I am at present conducting a "school." I call it "Pluvius Academy." The students are mainly taxicab drivers who are also college students, and some are college graduates. Never a dull moment for them—or for me! Also, in my "Academy" I teach the college student waiters.

In spite of the fact that I am, personally, financially embarrassed I make no charge for my lectures.

How then can I afford to ride in a taxicab from Scarsdale to Eastchester, i.e., to Alex and Henry's restaurant (formerly Schrafft's), where I teach those college student waiters?

My wife, Lillian Hockenburger Shelly, Smith College, Class of 1910, helps me out. She inherited some money from her uncle Henry Baker, Yale 1895, a prominent attorney in St. Louis, and from her brother, Clayton, a successful businessman in Rochester.

I know she will pay for my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, if and when my eyesight improves.

Meanwhile, what? Dean Richard West of the Amos Tuck Business School at Dartmouth said on the TV *Today Show* a few days ago that he is appalled by discovering the ignorance of high school seniors entering college—about what? About the way in which American business works. I, however, was not surprised to hear him say that. How come? Because the best high school book on how our economy works is now out of print. That book is, of course, *Understanding Our Free Economy*, by Fairchild and Shelly.

Result of all of the foregoing? I never have a dull moment, for which, of course, I am most grateful.

My best to you, and to your associates at *NR.*

Cordially,
Tom Shelly
Chateau Touraine
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Shelly: Go back to work! I am wasting your time! Admiringly, Bill —**WFB**

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UN Ruminations

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

SOME OF US who did not share Eleanor Roosevelt's enthusiasm at the birth of the United Nations 32 years ago consoled ourselves with the thought that, though this ungainly infant was not likely to fulfill the roseate hopes of its 51 parents, it would also not be able to do much damage. A glance back at the original statement of those hopes confirms the accuracy of the first half of our judgment: "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war . . . ; to reaffirm faith . . . in the dignity and worth of the human reason . . . ; to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties can be maintained . . . ; to practice tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbors . . ." (Preamble of the UN Charter). However, we seem to have been wrong in the second half. As it has grown older, the UN, while proving itself impotent to do good, has displayed an expanding capacity for doing harm.

Our early view that it would do neither was based on the seeming contradiction between the UN's form and substance. It was not to be merely another "league" of nations—a conceivable arrangement that has functioned on a limited scale from time to time, though its most recent and grandiose example was a flop—but a "united" "nations" organization: an amalgam, that is, of the One and the Many. As "united," it was to be a single global entity. As "nations"—which were the existing political realities—it was many entities, since a nation is by definition a distinct and separate entity. What seemed to follow was that in practice the UN would be a sort of continuing conference devoted primarily to twaddle and occasionally serving as a convenient meeting-ground for negotiating international deals. Given that expectation, it could be assumed that, as customary, the major nations, possessing dominant power, would be calling the tunes. This estimate seemed borne out by the control function assigned in the original interpretation of the Charter to the Security Council with its permanent, veto-wielding seats for the major nations.

The estimate was correct for the UN's early years and is not yet altogether outmoded. However, it neglected the fact that when an enterprise as large and expensive as the UN got going in an era during which the established structures of global politics were collapsing and the medium was becoming the message, it would take on a life of its own. More precisely, I should say: it would be treated (by diplomacy, by the media, by global verbalization) *as if* it had a life of its own, and would therefrom absorb an increasing measure of actual life. It used to be possible to say (and many of us did say) that the UN was a dream world, farce, or madhouse. It turns out that the paths of this madhouse and the "real world" tend to converge.

Dream to Reality

The UN has become a dynamic, if still limited, factor in the global political equation. Understanding this, some member-nations have developed a considerable expertise in UNmanship, through which they have learned how to exploit the UN's potential.

The UN Assembly consists of 150+ member-"nations," the majority of which are inchoate, primitive, poor, underdeveloped, illiterate, and mostly small aggregates of human beings, many of which the UN itself, by a kind of parthenogenesis, has whelped. Assembly procedure is one member/one vote. The major Western nations, led by the U.S., are Haves, politically soft, and predominantly white; most of the non-Western nations are Have-Nots, mostly non-white, and politically on the make. For those and various other reasons, the non-Western UN miscellany has a built-in anti-Western tendency. When this tendency links up with the Soviet bloc, which is anti-Western by deliberate policy based on serious extra-UN power, the UN machinery can get into effective motion.

UN operations of this sort have gone to work on pre-carnation Portugal, Taiwan, South West Africa, Rhodesia, Chile, South Africa, and Israel, and on a number of repercussive socio-political issues concerning, for example, satellite communications; exploitation of maritime resources; multinational corporations; conduct of the International Labor Organization, Monetary Fund, World Bank, international atomic and environmental agencies, etc.

The usual method used by the Communist–Third World junta is to consolidate a very large majority of Assembly votes that puts dissenting Western members under mounting pressure to go along with the crowd or be shunted into publicized isolation. In dozens of these operations, the U.S. and other Western nations have been thus pressured into taking positions they would not have chosen if the UN didn't exist. In many cases the outcome has been unquestionably counter to the interests of one or more of the Western nations. Not seldom—cf. Rhodesia, South West Africa, Portuguese Africa—successful pressure by the anti-Western junta has brought about very nearly the worst possible outcome from a Western point of view.

Eye of the Beholder

Many resolutions that the Assembly whoops through seem absurd at the time. However, absurd or not, they serve to legitimize supporting actions. The UN resolution condemning Zionism as racist almost guarantees success in the plan to bar Israel from the 1980 Moscow Olympics.

True, the strength of the UN lies only in the eye of the beholder. But the Western beholders—the U.S. outstandingly and needlessly—seem to be mesmerized by the UN into a timidity that makes them prefer to sacrifice both interest and principle rather than to tell a contemptible demagogue or two to jump into the East River. France, which has often shown a scornful indifference to the UN, is the only Western exception, but the Common Front will doubtless correct that French deviation. □

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CAMBODIA

The Nation as Concentration Camp

STÉPHANE GROUEFF

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to Cambodia in the last two years? What is the nature of this revolution which, to judge from the reports of refugees, has undertaken to change Cambodians from a people who knew how to live into a joyless nation driven by a pitiless tyranny that makes the Chinese, Vietnamese, and Soviet Communist regimes seem benign by contrast? Now millions of men and women labor day and night in the collective rice fields, under the watchful eyes of guards armed with rifles. These people are tortured by hunger; they are forced to work to the point of exhaustion.

Despite the regime's attempts to impose a total blackout on news, word trickles across the border that there is still a fighting resistance force, two years after the curtain descended around Cambodia. There is also fighting among the Khmer Rouge themselves, for political reasons. There is fighting with Thai border troops in the west, and with the Vietnamese in the east.

I have just returned from Thailand; I was staying a dozen miles from the Cambodian frontier, where I was able to talk with a number of refugees who had recently escaped through the jungle. Twenty-five thousand of them have arrived in Thailand in the last two years. I also visited a makeshift prison, constructed of long bamboo poles, where 11 Cambodian guerrillas were being held. They had crossed the frontier the evening before: having run short of food and ammunition, they had decided they would fare better with the Thais than with the Cambodian peasant dictatorship. The next day three "Khmers Serey" (Free Khmer)—they are refugees who organize sporadic raids into Cambodia and then return secretly to Thailand to resupply—talked with me in my hotel room.

Major Dura Narin of the 749th battalion, seventh brigade of the seventh infantry division of the old regime's army, is an energetic 31-year-old soldier, an ardent patriot with numerous battle scars. Since he fled Cambodia in September of 1975, he tells me, he has returned a dozen times with his commandos.

"It isn't hard despite the mines and the sentries," he says, "if you really know this part of the country. Once inside Cambodia we mingle with the peasants in the rice fields. We stay, on average, a week—watching, listening, and organizing. We try to avoid skirmishes because we're not strong enough yet. We have only one gun for every two men, and a handful of grenades. We resort to our weapons only when we run into a patrol, and that has happened only four times." Thus, it is the guerrillas inside the country who have been attacking Communist guard posts and truck convoys, not Major Narin's commandos.

"When you meet a peasant you don't know," I ask, "is he likely to help you or denounce you?"

"That's no problem. They all want to help us. Everyone hopes that the Free Khmer will liberate the country."

Ching Namyeang, who was a deputy in the Lon Nol government, had told me that many people inside Cambodia still believe America will arm the Free Khmer; but that, in any case, the Free Khmer, organized under former Lon Nol officers, are preparing to invade Cambodia from Thailand and free their country. I ask Major Narin about this; he replies that at the moment there are in Thailand three groups of Free Khmer led by former officers, but that they have yet to form a common front. "We are trying to organize a central command," he says, "but for the moment each group continues to act independently. We are also in the process of contacting possible leaders. There is General Un Kauv, for example; he's now in the United States. We would be ready to follow him. There are countrymen of ours in France and Thailand who are actively helping us. And there are many officers living in the jungle, in the mountains near the border. But what can we do without arms?"

Meanwhile, as they wait for the day when they can stage a full-scale attack, Major Narin and his men continue to slip back and forth across the border. The picture they bring back of the new Cambodia is one of unremitting horror: it has been turned into an enormous concentration

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camp ruled with a savagery so shocking that it frightens even Cambodia's Communist neighbors.

The stories brought out by the guerrillas and the refugees are hard to believe, yet they are consistent with one another and with what little information foreign intelligence services have been able to gather. There is certainly some exaggeration and some misinformation, but even the smaller casualty figures are appalling.

Only 800,000 Deaths

When does killing become genocide? Some American journalists who have interviewed hundreds of refugees believe that 1.2 million (out of a population of seven million) have died in the last two years. In testimony before a House international relations subcommittee, Richard Holbrooke, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian Affairs, also estimated the death toll to be as high as 1.2 million. Other estimates are more modest. Father François Ponchaud, who lived in Cambodia from 1965 to 1975, thinks only (only!) 800,000 have died since the Khmer Rouge took over.

How are the dead to be counted? Not all of them were shot. Many thousands failed to survive the forced evacuation from the cities, on foot, without water or medicine; many died from sheer exhaustion or from malaria. They were not, technically, executed. They are nonetheless no longer alive.

But even taking into account the disparities in the figures and the differences of opinion over what deaths are to be blamed on the Khmer Rouge, the reality of the Cambodian nightmare can no longer be questioned. Its most typical scenes call to mind a movie version of forced labor under the Pharaohs. As far as the eye can see are collective rice fields (the little dikes separating individual paddies have been pulled down) where hundreds, often thousands, of men and women work in silence all day long. Here and there you can spot the Khmer Rouge soldiers, dressed all in black, their automatic weapons at the ready, watching this multitude of white-clad bodies drenched in sweat.

Elsewhere a swarm of peasants, perhaps three thousand of them, are laboring to build a dam or dig a canal or clear a spot in the jungle, also under the vigilant eyes of the guards who are few in number but heavily armed: a nation of prisoners convicted of no crime. Many are city people unaccustomed to such bone-wearying labor, but all suffer more from hunger than from fatigue. Hunger has become their obsession.

"What did you get to eat?" I ask a refugee.

"A little rice, about a coffee-cup-full a day. At noon and at night they give us soup, made of leaves from the trees, with a little salt. Meat and fish are only for the Khmer Rouge. Children get half rations."

"And in the morning?"

"Nothing. From six in the morning to noon we work on empty stomachs. People die of hunger. If you dare to complain you are punished. The Khmer Rouge are the only ones who don't go hungry. Even the recruits in the army often do not have enough to eat, though they get more than the peasants."

"What about those who don't work?"

"Everyone works, men and women. Old people work too, although their tasks are easier—basket-weaving, things like that. Six-year-old children pick up excrement to be used as manure and gather leaves to mix in with it."

"What happens when someone gets sick?"

"There are no pharmacies, so there is no medicine. We use herbs and roots. If a peasant is out sick, he is warned that he is setting a bad example. If he is sick for a week, they come and get him—he disappears."

"What about money?"

"There isn't any. Money has been abolished and the markets shut down."

"But how do you buy things?"

"What do you mean, buy? There are no shops and there is nothing to buy, no clothes, no shoes, nothing. In the countryside, there is no cooking at home. The 'organization' distributes soup twice a day and everyone eats together. There aren't any homes, for that matter. When deportees arrive in a village they are made to build their own huts rather than allowed to occupy deserted houses—as though houses already built were somehow contaminated."

This kind of conversation with refugees is all the outside world has to go on in forming a picture of present-day Cambodia. It is impossible to conceive how isolated Cambodia is. No one has received permission to enter the country in two years: not a single journalist, not a single visitor—even from the Socialist camp. The government has not issued a single statement; it has never even named its own members. There are nine diplomatic missions in Phnom Penh, from eight Communist countries and Egypt. But the people manning these missions are sealed up in their own enclaves; they are forbidden to talk to Cambodians or to move freely in the city.

No Cambodian official will talk to a foreigner, and that includes representatives of the United Nations and of humanitarian organizations. Despite the epidemics of malaria and other diseases that are sweeping the country, the government has scornfully rejected all offers of medical help from abroad. As a result of this extraordinary isolation, next to nothing is known of conditions in central Cambodia or in the ghost cities emptied of their populations.

How Did the Free World React?

It is hard to conceive of the degree of power the rulers of Cambodia exercise through total terror and absolute dictatorship. Many revolutions have tried to efface the past as a necessary condition for the building of a new order. But none has succeeded, as this one has, in obliterating, in less than two years, the old social structure, the economy, the customs and culture of a country, and in extirpating every germ of liberal thought, every manifestation of a difference of opinion. Books and archives have been burned. Pagodas,

Formerly New York bureau chief of Paris-Match, *Mr. Groueff is now a freelance writer based in New York. He was sent by* France-Soir *(where this article was first published) to investigate conditions in Cambodia. His report was translated for* NR *by Nicholas King.*

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statues of Buddha, shops, museums, money itself—all have been physically destroyed. With the cold calculation of a surgeon, the authorities are trying to eliminate every last vestige or memory of the old ways in order to fabricate a new-model citizen. (There are even unconfirmed rumors that the great monuments at Angkor Wat have been razed in the insane zeal to obliterate all memories of the past.)

"Shortly after the fall of the capital, students and teachers —friends of mine—began to disappear," I was told by Sean Khy, a 21-year-old student. "They were not former soldiers or government officials. The idea, it became clear, was to do away with all 'intellectuals,' that is, with educated people. I was then working in the country near Battambang, so I pretended to be an illiterate farmer. The worst thing I could have done would be to admit I was a student."

"What about left-wing students and teachers, those who had opposed the old government?"

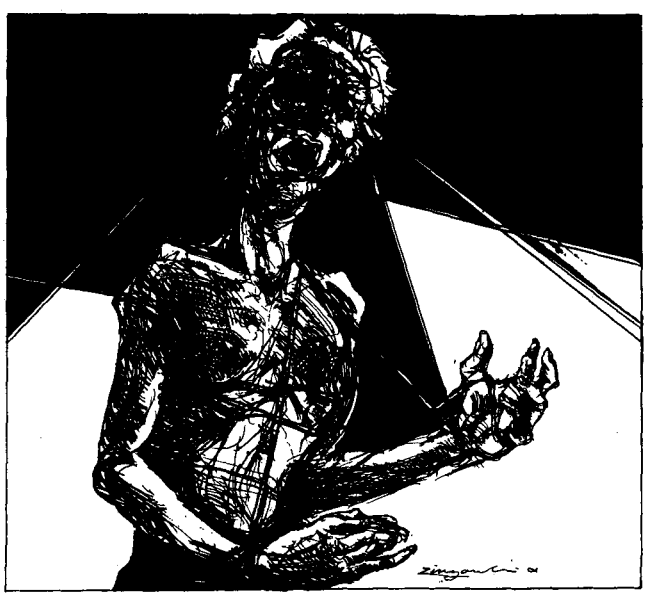
"They made no distinction. It wasn't a question of vengeance; they simply decided to eliminate anyone who was contaminated by the culture of the past."

It is hard to realize the savagery and the cruelty with which the Cambodian revolution is pursuing its goals.

"What did they say in the West about the evacuation of Phnom Penh?" a refugee wanted to know. He had lost every member of his family in ways too painful to repeat. I said nothing. "But surely you heard what happened in the days following April 17, 1975," he insisted.

Yes, we had read accounts of that horror, of the three million inhabitants of the capital who were told to leave for the countryside within hours; of the hospitals brutally emptied of their patients, with the beds of the gravely ill pushed out onto the streets; of the hundreds of thousands of people crowding the roads out of Phnom Penh. Old people collapsing, fever-ridden children dying in their tracks. The smell of rotting flesh was said to be unbearable. The Khmer Rouge, some of them only 13 or 14 years old and only too happy to use their weapons, finished off the stragglers. Yes, we had heard accounts of that.

"Tell me," he asked again, "how did the free world react?" Did he imagine that there had been demonstrations in New York and Paris, that indignant editorials were written, or that urgent meetings of the UN Security Council had been called? I didn't have the heart to tell him that in the West almost no one spoke then, or speaks today, of Cambodia.



I asked all the Cambodians I talked to just who was giving the orders, who had the real power. The answer was always the same: "Angkar."

"Who watches you, who feeds you, who punishes you?"

"Angkar."

This sinister and mysterious Khmer word crops up in every conversation. It is generally translated as "organization." In other countries people talk about "the party," or "the government," or "the secret police." In Cambodia nobody knows exactly who is what, or what the relations are between the government and the army. All they know is that above and beyond everything else there is "the organization," the mysterious, ever-present, all-powerful "Angkar." It has representatives in each village who are responsible only to the chief of a four-village group. He, in turn, receives orders from the chief of four four-village groups; and so on up the line. All of the organization's agents are soldiers, the black-clad Khmer Rouge. They live apart from the villagers, intransigent and unapproachable. They have power over life and death; there is no appeal from their judgments.

The Four Factions

Who runs Angkar? Is it the intellectual, French-educated fanatic, 46-year-old Khieu Samphan, the head of the Presidium? Is it Prime Minister Pol Pot? Or Ieng Sari, the Hanoi intellectual who isn't even Cambodian and whose Vietnamese name is Nguyen Sao Levy? Or the Communist Party Secretary General, Saloth Sar, whose name hasn't been mentioned for the last two years? No one knows.

Some Free Khmer, recently returned from ten months in the jungle, have brought out stories that are interesting but hard to verify. The Khmer Rouge are said to be divided into four factions: 1) the pro-Chinese, 2) the pro-Soviet, 3) the pro-Vietnamese, and 4) a group that wants to collaborate with the former head of state, Prince Norodom Sihanouk. The Free Khmer report that peasants have seen soldiers firing at each other. Deserters from the Khmer Rouge have confirmed the existence of dissident armed groups, but how important these operations are no one seems to know. For the moment Angkar seems to have the situation well in hand.

When I returned to Bangkok from the frontier area, I read the only interview ever given by Khieu Samphan. It was given to an Italian journalist at last summer's Colombo conference.

"In five years of war," Khieu Samphan told him, "more than a million Cambodians died. The present population of the country is five million. Before the war it was seven million."

"What happened to the other million?" the journalist asked. Samphan was annoyed.

"It's incredible," he said, "the way you Westerners worry about war criminals." □

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POST-REFORMATION MARXISM

The Greening of Karl Marx

ROLAND STROMBERG

ONCE UPON A TIME things were simple. The Trinity was intact: Marx had sent Lenin as his only begotten son, carried by the spirit of Dialectical Materialism. In his martyrdom Lenin laid hands on Stalin, empowering him to build the church in Moscow, and this was done. The sacred books were there preserved and mediated. Heretics there might be, but clearly they were demon-possessed and had only to be driven from the temple. The Marxist-Leninist Library, duly circulated by International Publishers, Lawrence & Wishart, and other propagators of the faith, spread the gospel, on which the pope in the Kremlin spoke the last infallible word should doubts arise about interpretation.

We know what cracks began to appear in this splendid edifice through the perversities of man and the connivance of the Enemy, but do we all know how wide and deep they are? The monolithic church could not survive the death of its terrible patriarch, and there was a Protestant revolt. But a quieter revolution, accompanying the rivalry of Mao and Moscow, has eroded the very source of spiritual charisma, the Books of Marx and Engels.

It began innocently enough, with the editing and publishing of all the works of the Fathers in the late 1920s. The Soviet hierocrats should have taken warning from the damage Higher Criticism had done to Christianity, and in fact scholar-editor David Riazonov of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute did finally perish in Stalin's purges, along with everyone else. But it was too late. A large amount of new material had been published, on the basis of which serious scholars in the West, who had long left the Father of Communism to the hagiographers, joined the rush to reappraise him.

And new biographical material continues to appear. How far it has humanized Marx may be suggested by the revelation that he fathered an illegitimate son, a fact discovered in 1962 that is still never officially mentioned in the Communist world. Many other details contribute to the portrait of an all-too-human character, rather lovable but assuredly no saint. Pub-crawling with the sybaritic Fred Engels (who ran through three Irish mistresses from the same complaisant family), Marx forgot to finish his ambitious intellectual projects, even as you and I; the startling incompleteness of his work contrasts with the legend of a dogmatic system-maker.

And in their private correspondence Marx and Engels burst forth with racial epithets; they sneered at real workers as "stupid asses," at adoring disciples as sycophantic idiots. Marx sided with the Yankee imperialists against "lazy Mexicans" in the Mexican War; depicted the Chinese as a "rascally" race; he even expressed the wish, late in life, that he had gone into business and made some money instead of theorizing in poverty! All this adds up to a very fallible, somewhat delightful, decidedly inconsistent old curmudgeon of whose opinions one could expect only one thing: perverse unpredictability.

But of course the real impact of the new material on the Fathers has been in the realm of ideas. How gullible we all were! We believed that Marx was what Lenin and Stalin said he was. Having erected their careers on intellectual sycophancy, how could they not know their only authority? Lenin's mania, at least, seemed genuinely intellectual, his construings of Marx all too plausible. But in fact—among many things—Marx was neither a "dialectical materialist" nor a believer in the dictatorship of a minority, much less of an elite Party. What's more, he was not an economic determinist, nor an automatic-stages-of-history man, nor an upholder of the doctrine of the impotence of all ideological and institutional "superstructure." He was a good democrat, a flexible and open-minded thinker, a hater of tyrants, a critic of all societies. No eschatologist, either—the notion of a final blessed kingdom of classlessness, he left behind upon entering his intellectual maturity, only to have it picked up by the foolish apostles. Above all, "*Moi, je ne suis pas un marxiste.*"

These interpretations, turning the grim totalitarian theorist into something like a cross between Thomas Jefferson and Andy Warhol, are, to be sure, based on a selective use of texts. The recent book by Richard N. Hunt on *The Political Ideas of Marx and Engels* is a good example.

Whenever Hunt comes to a passage in Marx that is seemingly violent, dictatorial, or elitist, he says either that this was atypical, a momentary deviation perhaps attributable to the well-known boils; or that it was a juvenilism later outgrown; or that it was extorted by the exigencies of political strategy. If worse comes to worst, it may be fobbed off onto Engels. Dogmatic, mechanical, vulgar, simplistic Marxism is Engelsism, or Plekhanovism, or Leninism. Subtle, open, many-sided, profound Marxism is the real thing. Statements that look in a liberal or democratic direction are taken at face value and assumed to be genuine Marx. This resembles the famous selective indignation of the Left, which explains away the repulsive tyrannies of Communist or black African states while accepting no apologies from any of those on the Right.

THE TRUTH is that Marx was as erratic as the rest of us. He grew and changed, contradicted himself, did not really know what he meant—and so can be quoted on both sides of most of the key issues. But it is at least heartening that there is a will and a way to rescue him from both urban guerrillas and Kremlin scholastics, and indeed to use him against these false pretenders. The current crop of critical or humanistic Marxists, many of them

(Continues on page 1011)

Mr. Stromberg is professor of modern European history at the University of Wisconsin. His latest book is After Everything: European Intellectual History since 1945.

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BEYOND BOURGEOIS EMPIRICISM

Western culture has developed a curious partial deafness: it can no longer hear historical evidence for Christianity in general, the Resurrection in particular. Herewith, a diagnosis and a remedy

Truth and Culture

JEFFREY HART

NUMEROUS SURVEYS report, correctly I think, that most people perceive our moral condition as "down" and talk about a "collapse of values." Yes, indeed, that is how they see it, or think they see it.

Everyone is always deploring the moral condition of his society. John Brown, for example, wrote a best-seller in 1757 deploring the effeminate and luxurious state of English society, England being then in the process of conquering the world.

As a matter of fact, whatever people enjoy saying about our moral condition, it does not, based on my own experience, seem to be "down" or disintegrative. As human life actually goes —as we perceive human life historically —the United States in the year 1977 is scarcely in disastrous shape.

But, having said that, I would also like to say that I think we stand at a very strange point in our culture. To put it starkly, I think that both reason and history are now saying things which the culture cannot hear, to which the culture is tone-deaf. By history, here, I mean the academic historical discipline. By reason I mean the most pertinent thought.

I would like to make two points here. The first one is about biblical scholarship.

Christianity, of course, is a religion of events, its faith based upon historical occurrences. Now we have all heard from Matthew Arnold about "all the science of Tübingen"—by which he meant the triumphant German biblical criticism of the nineteenth century, so apparently destructive of Christian claims. And no doubt we have all been moved by Arnold's next sentences, those lovely lines about Oxford as the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties, Oxford spreading its gardens to the moonlight. When he spoke of "lost causes," Arnold was no doubt referring to John Henry Newman and his Oxford Movement, a movement toward orthodoxy. And Arnold meant that this lost cause was beautiful but impossible, doomed by the science of Tübingen.

A funny thing has happened, however, on the way to the intellectual demise of Christianity: it is a very good question just whose cause is "lost."

Very roughly speaking, serious biblical criticism during the past one hundred years has described a kind of parabola. For a long time, scholarship issued in conclusions we may symbolize by the names Schweitzer and Bultmann. No, this scholarship told us, we have little or no reliable historical knowledge about Jesus.

But more recently there has occurred a powerful counter-movement. We can symbolize this by the names Stephen Neill and John Robinson. Neill is the author of the authoritative *Interpretation of the New Testament 1861-1961* (Oxford, 1964). He reaches very positive conclusions regarding the historical value of the narratives. John A. T. Robinson, a lecturer at Cambridge, is one of the leading biblical scholars of our day. In his recent book *Redating the New Testament* he argues strongly for a much earlier date of composition for the key books than heretofore had been supposed.

Now, the dating of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John may seem to be a mere academic and scholarly matter; but it is not. One of the main criteria of historical reliability is proximity in time to the events described. The closer the better.

Earlier modern biblical scholarship tended to argue for a later dating, assigning John, for example, to the middle of the second century. Such dating led to an assortment of views about the evolution of the texts. Some scholars claimed that the narrative reflected early church history, and particularly doctrinal struggles, rather than accurately reporting actual history. Others discerned the influence of myth, of mystery religions, of literary forms, and what not. In more recent times, however, the trend has been to argue for an earlier dating. Robinson's dates are the earliest yet. He places the composition of Matthew and John at A.D. 40, a mere ten years after the Crucifixion, with Luke and Mark a few years later. He argues that Paul began to write his epistles around A.D. 50.

The significance of this dating, if it stands up, is of course enormous. It means that the narratives were written by men who were alive at the same time as Jesus. It means that those who read the narratives could check the accuracy of them against their own recollection of the events described. The presumption of historical accuracy is therefore immensely strengthened.

It is quite clear to anyone familiar with literary modes, moreover, that the consciousness in these narratives as well as in Paul's epistles is historical rather than mythic or something else. Paul knows what a fact is, and how it is established. Thus he writes as follows

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in the famous passage in I Corinthians 15:

> The chief message I handed on to you, as it was handed on to me, was that Christ, as the Scriptures had foretold, died for our sins; that he was buried, and then, as the Scriptures had foretold, rose again on the third day. That he was seen by Cephas, then by the 11 apostles, and afterward by more than five hundred of the brethren most of whom are alive at this day, though some have gone to their rest . . . and if Christ has not risen, then our preaching is groundless, and your faith, too, is groundless.

That seems clear enough. I would like to attend a debate between Paul and Hans Küng.

Despite the special intellectual sloth characteristic of our general modern culture, to which I will turn in a moment, there is in contemporary scholarship excellent reason to believe that Paul's faith was not groundless.

I would like to request a momentary suspension of disbelief, a suspension, if you will, of the ordinary modern consciousness, while I make a few remarks about a piece of linen cloth now kept in the cathedral in Turin.

I had heard over the years about the existence of the supposed burial shroud of Jesus, and about some sort of likeness that was supposed to be visible thereon. I had imagined that what was in question was some old piece of cloth, no doubt musty and tattered. Perhaps it did have some splotches or stains on it that with some good will might be perceived as representing a human countenance. About five years ago, by chance, I glanced at a book about the Shroud of Turin containing pictures of it. This was no old cloth with a few splotches on it.

The modern history of the Shroud began on May 25, 1898. On that date the cloth was photographed for the first time, by a man named Secondo Pia. To his amazement, the photographic negative revealed unexpected details in the image on the cloth. In fact, the image functioned as a photographic negative, so that Secondo Pia's negative effectively became a photographic positive.

The Shroud, at the time Secondo Pia took his photographs, had been in Turin for over three hundred years. It had been brought there from France in 1578 by Emmanuel Philibert of Savoy. The House of Savoy had obtained it in 1452 when Margaret de Charny presented it to the then Duke of Savoy, who relinquished two castles in exchange. Margaret's grandfather, Geoffrey de Charny, had founded a church at Lirey in 1353. In the year 1357, the alleged "true burial sheet of Christ" was exposed there for veneration. How Geoffrey had obtained the Shroud we do not know.

Over the years, better photographic equipment has been brought to bear on the Shroud. The details in the image are numerous, clear, and remarkable.

A French biologist named Paul Vignon, for example, studied the innumerable marks caused by scourging. They show up as tiny contusion-like spots, in the shape of dumbbells but extremely varied in pattern. Vignon investigated and found that the ancient Roman flagrum would have produced just such a pattern of bruises. Careful scrutiny indicated that the flagellation had been carried out by two men, one taller than the other.

One peculiarity of the image on the Shroud is that the hands have no thumbs, long considered a "defect" of the image. A French surgeon, Pierre Barbet, experimented with cadavers and discovered that when a nail is driven through an aperture in the wrist, the thumb doubles over into the palm of the hand. Careful measurements on the Shroud established that, yes, the nails had been driven in just above the

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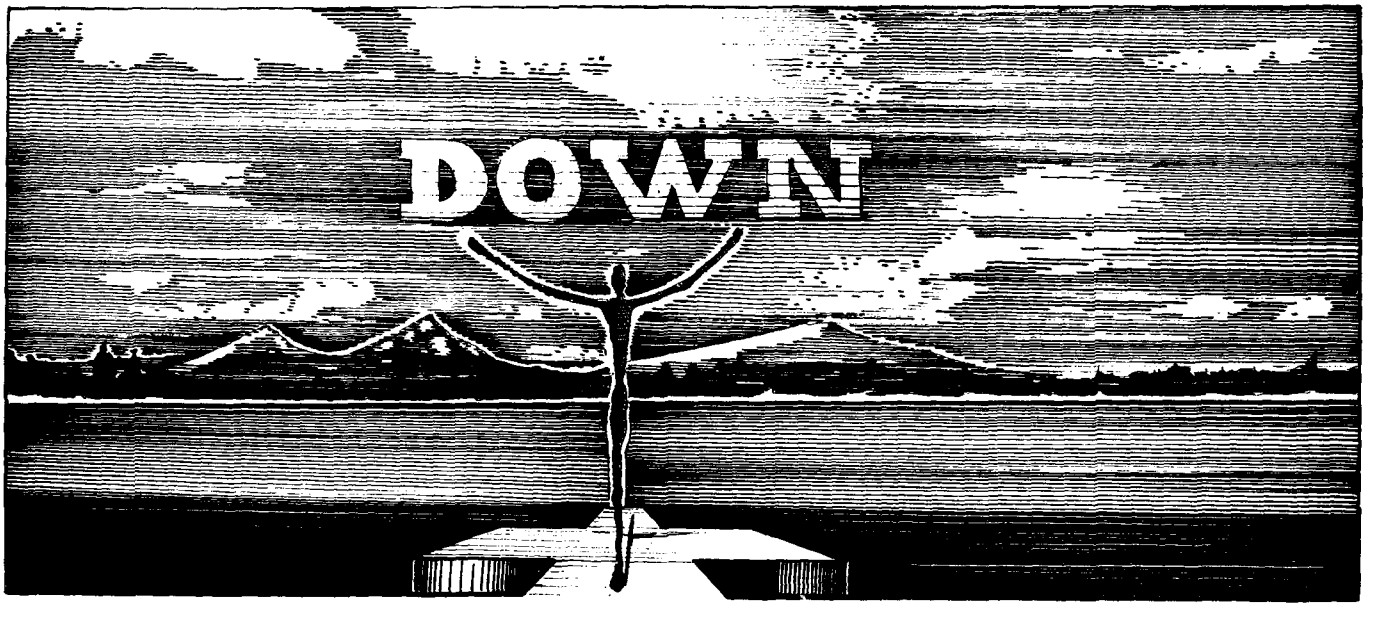

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fleshy ridge of the upper palm; nails driven through that aperture would damage the median nerves, causing excruciating pain. Barbet demonstrated, through an examination of blood stains, that the body had alternately assumed two positions during execution, standing on the nails in order to breathe, then slumping down.

Careful examination reveals other fascinating details. The crown of thorns was a sort of skullcap, not a circular crown. In the tomb, the body lay not on its back but on its side, in a slightly hunched position. Surgeons assert that the "water" flowing from the spear-thrust would have been pericardial fluid.

A variety of theories have been put forward about how the image on the cloth might have been produced. Geoffrey Ashe, a British scholar—bothered that none of the proffered explanations for the body image seemed definitive—began in 1966 experimenting with the production of images on linen through heat radiation. Placing a linen cloth over a heated brass ornament, on which there was a horse in relief, he found that a clear negative image was formed by a combination of direct contact and heat radiation. The results were far more impressive in their affinity to the images on the Shroud than those produced by any of the other experiments that had been conducted, involving ammonia vapor and so forth.

Writing in *Sindon*, a periodical devoted exclusively to research into the Shroud, Ashe argued:

> The Shroud is explicable if it once enwrapped a human body to which something extraordinary happened. It is not explicable otherwise. The Christian Creed has always affirmed that Our Lord underwent an unparalleled transformation in the tomb. His case is exceptional, and perhaps here is the key. It is at least intelligible (and has been suggested several times) that the physical change of the body at the Resurrection may have released a brief and violent burst of some other radiation than heat, perhaps scientifically identifiable, perhaps not, which scorched the cloth. In this case the Shroud image is a quasi-photograph of Christ returning to life, produced by a kind of radiance or "incandescence" partially analogous to heat in its effects . . .

This seems to me the best hypothesis I have heard.

I do not think we can reach any other than the following conclusion: The hypothesis that the Shroud is a fake involves far greater difficulties than the hyphothesis that it is genuine. Hume, thou shouldst be living at this hour!

Not surprisingly, the scholarly study of the Shroud goes forward. Each new item seems to come down heavily on the side of authenticity.

Textile experts have confirmed the antiquity of the cloth. In 1973, a Swiss professor named Max Frei made a significant discovery. Frei is an expert on pollen. Clinging pollen shows where a thing has been. Pollen does not deteriorate with time. (The U.S. space project was thus especially interested in looking for pollen on the Moon and on Mars.) According to Max Frei, pollen on the Shroud shows that it could have moved through Palestine, Asia Minor, and Savoy. Some of the pollen on the Shroud, according to Frei, is the same as that in two-thousand-year-old sediments from Lake Generazeth in Palestine.

The Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena has applied to photographs of the Shroud the computer techniques originally used to "improve" photographs brought back from Mars. According to Dr. Donald Lynn, there is no "linear directionality" in the image, indicating that it was not painted. Furthermore, the three-dimensional image produced at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory demonstrates that the marks on the cloth correspond exactly to those which would be obtained from a sheet laid over a body.

If we apply the ordinary criteria of historical probability here I do not think that we can reach any other than the following conclusion: The hypothesis that the Shroud is a fake involves far greater difficulties than the hypothesis that it is genuine. David Hume, thou shouldst be living at this hour!

Is it not perfectly manifest that no medieval forger would have had so expert a knowledge of anatomy? Is it plausible that some anonymous medieval forger, even if we posit his secret and expert knowledge of anatomy, would have created, somehow, a negative image—which had to await the development of photography five hundred years later in order to be deciphered?

The narrative that can be extracted from the details on the Shroud corresponds exactly to the narratives in the biblical accounts of Jesus Christ's life and death. Is it plausible that the same sequence of events occurred to an individual totally unknown to history? Or that we would possess, intact, the burial shroud of an ordinary criminal? Surely it would have decomposed with him in the tomb.

But why is this not front-page stuff? Why is this stunning development—so confirmatory of Christian claims about the historicity of the biblical narratives: why is this not the topic of every conversation? Because our general culture, our ordinary mental habit, has no place, no *use*, for the implications.

Here, I think, we learn a tremendous lesson about the modern, post-seventeenth-century secular consciousness.

Both theistic and atheistic philosophies have of course been available from time immemorial. But one or the other acquires dominance under specific historical circumstances. We are all familiar with the Victorian crisis of faith, as a result of which thousands of individuals passed from some form of belief to unbelief. It would be naïve to assume, however, that the crisis occurred because David Hume on miracles or the science of Tübingen suddenly swept the mass market. What prevailed, what has created the mentality of our own era, was not the aristocratic skepticism of the *philosophes* or the esoteric, shifting conclusions of the biblical scholars. What prevailed, rather, was what John Courtney Murray has called the bourgeois atheism of the marketplace.

Sir Francis Bacon, Thomas Hobbes, John Locke, Jeremy Bentham, John Stuart Mill, and the other formulators

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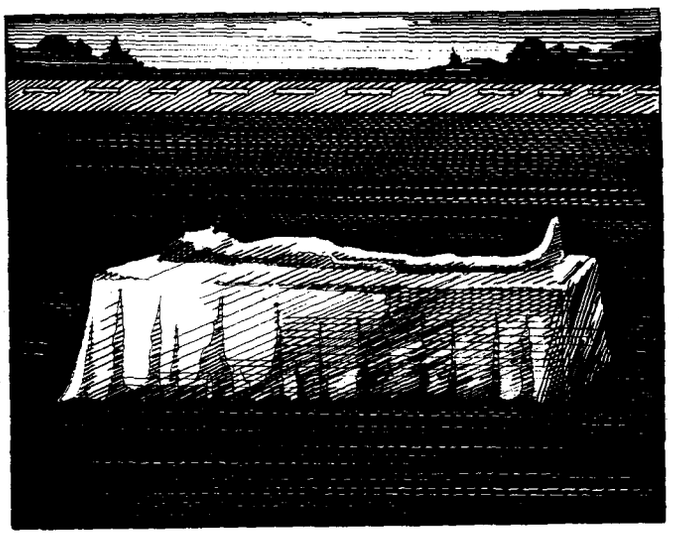

of the new world-view did not refute Anselm or Aquinas—they merely ignored them. If this was intellectual progress, it took place to a considerable degree not because of what was learned but because of what was forgotten.

The great project of post-seventeenth-century modern man was, not to understand actuality, but to make a living in it. The focus shifted sharply toward the physical world. Anselm's metaphysics does not do much for the trade in spices or tobacco, but navigation certainly does. At least in the short run, metaphysical ultimates seemed to be irrelevant to the economic enterprise. The empirical and utilitarian philosophies which reflected the dominance of this culture were designed not so much to understand the world as to possess and control it, and, at least in the short run, they were triumphantly successful.

In my view we are coming to the end of that era. My remarks here have tended to this conclusion: that actuality, the whole of it, is a very different thing than is dreamed of in Locke's philosophy, or in our "normal" perception.

There are many definitions of the word "culture." Matthew Arnold used it as meaning "the best that has been thought and said." My own usage here is more anthropological: it means "habit of mind," "way of seeing." Culture in this quasi-anthropological sense is remarkably dense. It is resistant to change.

But the great enemy of habit is of course reason. The *philosophes* knew that, and waged often successful war against traditional habits and assumptions. Our next step, therefore—and somewhat paradoxically—will be to press forward with skepticism, to carry it the final step. Yes, skepticism. We must be relentlessly rational.

The modern secular consciousness is not skeptical but selectively skeptical. It is skeptical about Christian claims, but not about its own assumptions. Now, suppose we were not selectively skeptical but really skeptical, skeptical across the board, entertaining no prior assumptions about the nature of actuality, no preconceptions about what is possible. We would simply clear the decks, be open to all possibilities, depend upon the evidence, confront probabilities. There would be no official truth, no respectable truth. A very different, and much less relativistic, intellectual landscape would begin to emerge.

Neither Locke nor Hume, I think, realized that radical skepticism, carried far enough, would destroy the bourgeois utilitarian world-view. Ludwig Wittgenstein did work his way to the end of that process, epistemology moving over toward, if not reaching, metaphysics.

In my opinion, however, a towering philosopher saw the whole thing. In his magisterial *Philosophy of History*, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel saw the entire march of the human mind as moving toward freedom. Today, as nickel and dime tyrannies spread over the face of the earth, Hegel's view may sound ridiculous. Nevertheless, I think he was right: the bourgeois enterprise was not wrong, but we are assimilating it and moving beyond it.

I am all in favor of the search that many philosophers recommend that we undertake for the ethical principles we all have in common, whatever our religious and philosophical differences. Still, I would say that these recommendations seem to assume the permanence of modern pluralism in its present form.

I would take a more aggressive stance. I would oppose to the dominant —and now flaccid—general and official culture a resolute skepticism and rationality. When was the last time I saw intellect celebrated, mind celebrated? Yet those are the instruments of our liberation from cultural banality.

I do not think that religious pluralism as we now inhabit it is really the end of the intellectual road.

I do think, with Hegel, that as the human mind works its destiny out in human culture we really will be intellectually free at last. □

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THE SPORT OF KINGS

And the Nightingales Sing

NATHAN PERLMUTTER

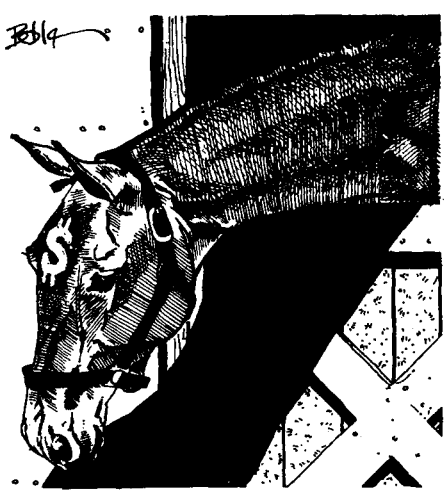
IN THE PAST several months our racing stable—it consists of one horse—has grossed almost $200,000. Indeed, from a hesitant investment of $15,000 in 1974, we have parlayed luck, prayer, and chutzpah and now own a horse valued in excess of $1 million. Poor Richard. The Third, that is. My kingdom *is* a horse.

His name is Ruthie's Native. Ruthie, because that's my partner's name. She is also my wife. Native, because he's a descendant of Alfred Vanderbilt's Native Dancer. Vanderbilt is neither a partner nor a relation. In eight months Ruthie's Native has raced 15 times, bringing home an average of $12,400 per start. In 1976 the average earnings per start for Thoroughbreds who went to the post 15 times was $530. Small wonder we think of our horse as Our Son, the Doctor.

The joys of owning a racehorse can be matched, alas, only by its agonies.

A sample joy: Saratoga's racetrack at 6:00 A.M., the morning mist sitting heavy on the stretch turn, its grey lap muffling the clippety-clop of pounding hooves, and lo! emerging from deep within the wet greyness, triumphantly shedding the clinging dark, is your horse, drum-rolling down the stretch, growing larger as he looms closer, coloring as he distances the leaden fog. A Degas. Not museum-contained, not wall-hung, but in living, moving color. Moreover, your very own Degas.

An agony: Your horse has a 102° fever. His usually radiant bay coat has turned drab. He is off his feed (horseman's talk for indifference to eating). You cluck to him, you make silly sounds and funny faces trying to amuse him as you did your kids so long ago. It doesn't work. He continues to stare listlessly at his barn wall. Sure, human beings get sick too, but you can ask them what hurts and they'll tell you and you'll maybe know how to help them, or the doctor will. But Ruthie's Native is a horse, and, being a dumb beast, he's like an infant and can't tell you what hurts. So while the veterinarian tries this and that, your horse suffers. If you love him, you do too, and if there's a million dollars riding on him, oh how you agonize.



Another joy: Winning. I am not so enthralled and dreamy an owner that I am oblivious to the pettiness in that confession. After all, it isn't me who has raced the six furlongs, let alone in one minute, nine and two-fifths seconds. So why my sense of personal pride? I haven't had any input into the care, feeding, or conditioning of the animal, unless you call writing checks training. And yet when he wins, he perspires and I glow. I am tasting vicarious victories? Nonsense! As a first-grader I spelled WASHINGTON correctly in my very first attempt. I was the kind of teenager in whose face bullies at the beach kicked sand, but I was commissioned an infantry officer in the U.S. Marines. The first draft of the first book I wrote was accepted by the first publisher to whom I submitted it. But no matter that these victories were mine alone: none of them, not individually, not collectively, has given me that sense of joy, of elation, that our red, white, and blue colors (that's right, red, white, and blue) do when Ruthie's Native flashes them across the finish line—first.

And another agony: The walk from the saddling-ring to your clubhouse seat. Meanwhile your horse is being walked to the track for the post parade. All that could possibly have been done to prepare him for the race has been done. The Moment of Truth is imminent. In it, he'll either win or lose. It's that simple. It's that final. It's that awful. No rewrites. No erasures. No explaining why what seemed like a defeat really wasn't. There are a hundred ways in which to lose a race, but only one way in which to win; and, you knowing it so well, your walk becomes a Last Mile. Your lips grin mirthlessly at well-wishers you wish were elsewhere, anywhere but here where they will soon witness the defeat each passing moment seems to make more likely. And you wonder why you yourself came. You could have stayed home, watched the race on TV, curled up in a fetal position, even cried, and you'd have secured yourself from this self-inflicted public abashment. I fear that walk. I think I even hate it.

FOR ALL THAT it is known as the Sport of Kings and that its Turf Clubs are aeries for the high-flying rich, becoming an owner of a quality Thoroughbred is a democratic process. All that is needed is a small fortune. That, and an auxiliary fortune to maintain the horse and his trainer. In New York annual maintenance costs are approximately $16,000, provided that the animal is sound and doesn't require expensive veterinary care, and that he is of modest talent, obviating the steep expenses of stakes fees and vanning to distant tracks for luring but evasive purses.

The perspicacious owner will have bought a horse of racing age, one with a track record of proven ability. To be sure, if the horse's ability is marked, a small fortune won't do. If an owner wants to develop his own horse, and his perspicacity is laced with hopefulness,

(Continues on page 1011)

Author of A Bias of Reflections, *Mr. Perlmutter has written extensively on socio-political issues. He admits, however, to interest in serious subjects as well, as evidenced by his current contribution.*

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Investigative Asymmetry

OFFICIAL WASHINGTON is agog with something called "Koreagate," by which is meant alleged efforts by South Korea to seduce a major portion of the Congress. Most days, indeed, the revelations have come in bunches—flamboyant hearings in the House, lengthy charges and denials, tantalizing sidebars in the media.

Well, so be it. If the South Koreans have been trying to wield improper influence over our lawmakers, we are entitled to the grimy data. Let the appropriate committees investigate, and let the press report their findings. Our legislature, after all, is supposed to represent the American people, and not the agents of a foreign power. Impeccable logic, repeated hourly by the ruling sages of the city. Logic, however, that is peculiarly constricted in its application. It applies to South Korea, it seems, but not to much of anybody else.

There is, for instance, a foreign power called the Soviet Union. Some months ago, FBI Director Clarence Kelley and Assistant Director Ray Wannall informed a Washington audience that the Soviet KGB was making strenuous efforts to cultivate people on Capitol Hill, including congressmen and members of their staffs. This followed a statement by Senator Barry Goldwater that then-Vice President Nelson Rockefeller had told him in 1974 that Soviet agents were planted in more than half-a-dozen Senate offices.

There is another foreign power called Cuba. When former Latin diplomat Orlando Letelier was murdered in a bomb blast last September, it developed that he had important contacts inside this Communist republic. His attaché case contained financial records and other documents that showed he had been receiving $1,000 a month from a source in Havana (the wife of a high official in the Cuban version of the KGB), and that a portion of this money was used to pick up travel expenses for a U.S. congressman. References to other senators and representatives, and to attempts to manipulate them this way and that, abounded in these astonishing documents.

Another Good Idea

If it is a good idea to investigate the efforts of South Korea to influence Congress, it would also seem to be a good idea to investigate the similar efforts of the Soviet Union or Communist Cuba. Yet there is not now nor has there ever been a congressional inquiry into the statements made by Kelley and Wannall, the assertions of Senator Goldwater, or the incredible ramifications of the Letelier case. The reason for this omission is simple: the chairmen of the recently publicized committees (such as Idaho's Frank Church) are emphatically not interested, while other committees that might have been expected to take an interest have systematically been abolished.

There is a certain symmetry to it. Precisely as the threat from foreign Communist agents and domestic revolutionaries has been increasing, Congress has dismantled the committees that used to have responsibility for monitoring such problems, informing the American people about them, and recommending legislation to protect us from them. The House Internal Security Committee, for example, was abolished by legislative sleight-of-hand two years ago, and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee was subjected to a similar fate at the beginning of the current Congress. (In fairness, it should be added that *executive* internal security agencies—including the Subversive Activities Control Board, police intelligence units, and the like—have been abolished also.)

Fortunately, there are some folks in Congress who think it might be just as important to investigate the Soviet KGB as to turn the spotlight on anti-Communist Koreans. Accordingly, a bill has been presented in the House of Representatives (HR-48) to re-establish the House Internal Security Committee, and to let it go to work unearthing the facts about the Soviet penetration of our society, the Castro network in the United States, and the rising level of revolutionary violence. Principal sponsors of this corrective legislation are Representatives Lawrence P. McDonald (D., Ga.) and John M. Ashbrook (R., Ohio).

In addition to reconstituting HCIS as a standing committee of the House, HR-48 would strengthen the panel's mandate to deal with problems of domestic and international terror (a menace that has increased appreciably since the heydays of Martin Dies and Richard Nixon), and specify that the files and records of the old committee (in many respects its most important asset) be delivered intact into the custody of the new one.

It's Common Sense

Despite the opposition and/or indifference of the House leadership, HR-48 has reasonably bright prospects. It claims 150 co-sponsors, only 68 short of an absolute majority in the lower chamber, and has the backing of some important elements in the body politic, including the considerable membership of the American Legion. Most significantly, perhaps, it has the advantages of homely common sense. The need for such a committee is so apparent to most Americans that passage of the McDonald-Ashbrook bill would seem assured if the sponsors could simply force a vote according to its merits.

Predictably enough, the usual mass-communications outlets are paying no attention at all to HR-48, preferring instead to wallow in Koreagate. They will doubtless continue to ignore the bill as long as they are able, whereupon they can be expected to start attacking it. What is needed is a concerted effort to inform the nation of its existence, and to demand that congressmen who have not declared their fealty make haste to do so. If your congressman has not yet become a sponsor, some timely letters from the home front might help him find the path of reason. □

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On Human Love

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

THERE IS NO END in sight to the controversy about obscenity and pornography. Every attempt to formulate a practical norm for use in law courts—one that would be acceptable to all concerned in public life—runs into sizable opposition. For, in reality, this controversy concerns a problem much deeper than, say, the allowable quantum of nudity in public. This problem is: In our evolving American democracy, can we find a norm for obscenity not dictated by religious belief —Christian belief?

In the Christian view, human love is an ideal. It is not a fixed condition to which we can attain once and for all; we must continue to strive for it. Obscenity is that which endangers one's intention to strive for that ideal. And, in this context, pornography is defined as the portrayal of the obscene in written or spoken word, in gesture or in image.

Common sense tells us that the ideal of human love cannot be achieved fully in this life. But that doesn't mean that we do not need to approximate it as closely as we can: it is that effort that prepares us for its achievement in heaven. The invariable in this formula is our intention to attain the ideal. Without it, our sexual behavior inevitably sinks to some form of obscenity. It becomes grotesque, like a still grasping hand cut off from its arm.

Re-creating God's Being

When a man and a woman love each other, they are caught up in the eternal dynamic of God's love. Within the reality of their love, they re-create God's being and God's will, His full possession of that being. In human love, a woman loving is that being's echo. And a man desiring is that will's parallel. In their love, will is locked with being. That is the ideal. Hence St. Paul's very particular description of married love as modeled on the love of Jesus for His Church and that of His Church for Him.

In order to reproduce between them God's oneness in being and beauty, a man and a woman must fulfill a simple but profound condition. They must truly love. Only in love and loving can their union become that participation in God's life that St. Paul was talking about. It cannot be faked, even by tremendous desire on both sides. Many a loveless marriage abounding in children testifies to duty done but love unachieved. Married love is far more difficult to achieve than the fulfillment of physical desire.

The truth remains that even in sexuality *per se* woman is not merely female. She is feminine. Femininity is characteristic of her spirit. She is thus the theater, not the object, of human longing. And man is not merely male. He is masculine. Masculinity is his spirit's mode. He is thus the creator, not the violator, of love's autonomy. She is not feminine, he is not masculine because of genital apparatus. A bird does not fly because it has wings; it has wings because it must fly. Man and woman are so structured physically because they must be feminine and masculine and thus capable of what St. Paul pointedly calls "the great mystery."

When we achieve that mystery, there is always the sense that it is "permitted." In cool forethought, we may firmly assert our right and capacity to love and be loved. But the deeper our love and the more intense our loving, the more poignant our sense of privilege, of being *permitted* to taste some fruit of Paradise to which we have no right but which remains our heart's desire. Human inadequacy is mirrored in love's ecstasy. In the Christian tradition, married love is unique, as being an experience of God which is accessible *only* to those who, still mortal, do not yet possess God fully. Jesus, being God, did not need such experience.

The obscene begins to intrude when and insofar as love and our commitment to it cease to motivate us, when the pleasures of love are sought with no real intention of loving. We desire to desire and to be desired, but not to love. And desiring alone consumes us. The focus is shifted away from the heart of love to what we moderns have learned to call "sex." Gender is nothing. Genital is all. Human loving is viewed as a physical activity with psychic overtones, basically undifferentiated from animal copulation, cut off from all spiritual meaning, a goal in itself, completely vulnerable to ever-present temptation. Loving becomes a mere mime whose mainspring is bodily desire and emotional vacuity, a let's-do-it-and-then-get-back-to-normal diversion.

Love Derided

Only experience teaches men and women that they cannot indiscriminately watch or think of or describe or read about "sex" acts and still maintain that specific integrity which their personal commitment to love demands. And, while most of us can be amused at a salty joke or laugh at sardonic "sex" scenes or be immune to a passing obscenity, there is a recognizable moment when such amusement becomes love's deriding, and such laughter masks contempt for loving. Daily exposure to obscenity cannot be handled neutrally: it must eventually impose acceptance or evoke rejection.

It is surely a consciousness of the conditions this integrity demands that impelled 67 per cent of Americans in a 1976 Yankelovich poll to agree that "the government should crack down more on pornography in movies, books, and nightclubs." We have had enough experience of court-revised ideals to see the other side of the coin of legalized permissiveness: the forced purging of our ideals from the laws that mark out the public ground-rules of our lives. By the public denial of the existence and the meaning of our ideals, civil law finally makes a mockery of all ideals. Even the court of Pontius Pilate could do no better. □

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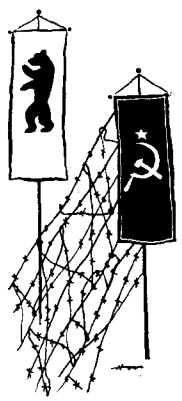
Pidgin Religion

The Totalitarian Temptation
By Jean-François Revel
Doubleday, 312 pp., $8.95

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

It would be libelous to suggest that if you scratch a Christian Scientist you'll find a Communist underneath. Nevertheless, left-wing ideology is 75 per cent Christian Science—that is to say, it boils down essentially to the belief that mind is supreme over matter, and that only malicious animal magnetisms impede the force of its magnetic field. *The Totalitarian Temptation* is a book about one variety of the pseudo-religious experience, the degree of warp that it exerts on the minds of its followers, and the probable consequences of its influence upon the future of civilization.

The odd thing about this particular concatenation of beliefs, however, is that those who do them homage are not necessarily believers. Although they are committed politically to the notion that the Ideal Form is more real than its physical precipitation, that it can be netted as it floats through the empyrean and dragged to earth by ritual incantation—in other words, that the unreal can be made real, the untrue true, if only you believe in it hard enough—they are not only unshaken by proofs that the tenets of their faith are absurd, they are philosophically and politically indifferent to the possibility that such proofs exist. Thus M. Jean-Paul Sartre's commitment to the Dream of Communism was unshaken by his encounter with the Gulag Archipelago, a fact that inevitably makes two suspicions leap up in the mind of the skeptical: a) that M. Sartre's professions of humanity are hypocritical, and b) that M. Sartre is far more a nihilist than he is a Communist, or even an existentialist. M. Revel's book likewise conduces to these suspicions.



It is Revel's thesis that "the world today is evolving toward socialism. The main obstacle to socialism is not capitalism but Communism." His book is only indirectly an attempt to explain why Communism is in fact less progressive than capitalism; it is a study of the "temptation," not of its "object," as he puts it—an inquiry into the habits of mind which nurture the belief that totalitarianism is humanitarianism and which make inevitable the circumstances under which "the world steadily rejects democracy."

Consequently, Revel touches only glancingly upon the attraction that rabble-rousing Communist politicians exert upon the great unwashed, who see dimly in the party of Marx and Lenin the way to a life in which all the contradictions of capitalism are instantly resolved into the basis for a brave new world. He devotes most of his attention to the appeal that Stalinism ("Not just concentration camps, the Moscow trials, the psychiatric hospitals [but] how Stalinists behave in their everyday political, personal, and intellectual relations with others") has for the politicians and theoreticians of the non-Communist Left: an appeal so powerful as to cause them to allow themselves to be bully-ragged and subjugated, out of a fear of being thought "anti-Communist," by Stalinist behavior. Thus *The Totalitarian Temptation* is devoted explicitly to a theme that was merely implicit in Revel's *Without Marx or Jesus*: what Tom Wolfe calls "the retrograde habits of mind of our intellectuals."

M. Revel is fascinated by the professed dedication of millions of statistically intelligent and accreditedly educated people to the patently untrue: to superstitions and evasions which, when governments are harnessed to them, have led without exception to societies in which human aspirations have been incinerated like bugs in an ultraviolet lantern.

HE MAKES savage sport of the doctrines of the Communists and orthodox Marxists (should it not be obvious to anybody with the most rudimentary acquaintance with the history of the human race that most of capitalism's so-called "unique faults" have been the congenital defects of every recorded civilization from the Sumerians down to the present-day Laplanders?) and of the absurdly contortionist arguments, partly propaganda, partly superstition, by means of which they attempt to explain the failures of socialism and the collapse of socialist governments ("the government of the people was betrayed

Norbert Muhlen *is the American correspondent for a number of West German newspapers. . . .* **Vrest Orton** *is the owner of the Vermont Country Store in Weston, Vermont. . . . Captain* **Joseph A. Rehyansky** *is an enlisted veteran of Vietnam and an army lawyer.*

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by the class enemy," et cetera, et cetera). The Marxists have apparently discovered, M. Revel wryly suggests, "a new art of government which, according to [them], can only succeed when it meets no obstacles and faces no enemies. . . . The capitalist system is [therefore] guilty of its own crises and those of socialism."

He waxes wroth on the subject of what he calls "pidgin Marxism"—a vulgarized and sloppy set of counterfeit axioms, derived from Marxism-Leninism but relapsed into decayed and emotional cant—which has spread itself like a lichen upon the world and which is based on three propositions: that "the system" cannot be improved, that its destruction is the first priority of any responsible government, and that "the only imperialism that exists derives from capitalism."

But he reserves his most indignant and fierce attacks for the non-Marxist Left, which listens respectfully to such bilge and which thinks itself—out of the fear of being suspected of harboring what Revel calls "that sinful property of the soul, anti-Communism"—obliged to repeat *ad nauseam* the absurd demurrer: "I disagree with 90 per cent of what the Communists stand for—but don't get me wrong, I'm not anti-Communist." Indeed, the phrase "unrepentant anti-Communist" is used regularly, not only by Communist propagandists but by the liberal Left itself. Yet: "Why on earth should it be reprehensible for right-wing conservatives to be anti-Communist? Is it contemptible or lacking in style for the Communists to attack the parties to which they are by definition opposed?" One expects the Communists to win whatever points they can in the game of obfuscatory rhetoric—but why are they aided and abetted in their efforts by people who profess to be in disagreement with their doctrines?

FURTHER: Why is the non-Communist Left so willing to give the Stalinist Left the benefit of the doubt, despite the fact that, time and again, the Communists have proved themselves liars and tricksters and double-crossers? What to say of the exaggerated readiness of so many European social democrats to accept at face value the protestations of the "Eurocommunists" that they have come round to the pieties of democratic pluralism, despite the fact that in the 1940s Communist Party leaders in Czechoslovakia and Hungary were making precisely similar claims? What to say of the unwillingness of these same social democrats to take note of the activities of M. Georges Marchais, leader of the French Communist Party, who gave his thoroughgoing support to the attempts of the Portuguese Communist Party, led by Alvaro Cunhal, to seize control of the government in the tumultuous wake of the 1975 elections, in which the Communists had won a very small percentage of the total vote? What to say —other than that, as Revel argues, "on the whole the non-Communist Left prefers to forget rather than to understand. . . . [Their] decisions are made less on the basis of what it is possible to accomplish than of what it is fashionable to believe. . . . The indispensable prerequisite of a goal then becomes not that goal's attainability but its laudability."

The non-Communist Left, in other words, is willfully indulging itself in a lethally expensive luxury: the denial of tangible, though unpleasant, realities, to which it prefers a redemptive myth. For this willfulness Revel has a couple of explanations. The first is that the Left's complaint is less that capitalism does not work than that it works too well, that it is too successful at imposing "materialist values" upon the world; the second is that the "conservative Left" wishes, as Revel explained in *Without Marx or Jesus*, "to maintain itself, its views, and its future unchanged in an unchanged world," that it is "less interested in destroying injustice than in proving triumphantly that every day brings greater and greater injustice." The more injustice, the more work there is, the more wealth and glamor accrue to the professional left-wingers who, in their capacity as insiders (professionals, bureaucrats, politicians), enjoy the perquisites of power and affluence, and in their capacity as outsiders (intellectuals, artists) relish the *frissons* of the guerrilla and the moral heat of the principled dissenter. If such is the case, the so-called "historical compromise" of Enrico Berlinguer and his Italian Communists is only the most tangible manifestation of a

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: William Davis, the editor of *Punch*, contradicts the received wisdom of his countrymen in *It's No Sin to Be Rich: A Defense of Capitalism* (Thomas Nelson, $8.95). . . . In his book *Inside East Germany: The State That Came In from the Cold* (Urizen Books, $12.95), Jonathan Steele, a correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*, makes the important points a) that East Germany is undergoing increasing "privatization"; b) that streets are safer there than in Western cities (from muggers or from the *Polizei* Mr. Steele doesn't say); and c) that the most meticulous social security is provided, from sperm to worm. . . . Robert Lowell, the dullest American poet since Amy Lowell, has a new book of poems out called *Day by Day* (Farrar, $8.95). . . . *Sex Link: The Three-Billion-Year-Old Urge and What the Animals Do about It* (M. Evans, $8.95) is full of fascinating ethological tidbits, for example: the female praying mantis, in coitus with her mate, bites off his head, after which his remnant continues to provide crucial philanthropic services. . . . Aldous Huxley's *The Human Situation: Lectures at Santa Barbara 1959* (Harper & Row, $8.95), edited by Piero Ferrucci, is strictly for the rapt followers of that strange Englishman who was more Californian than the Californians. . . . Harvey Cox, author of *The Secular City*, has another book ready, *Turning East: The Promise and Peril of the New Orientalism* (Simon and Schuster, $8.95), which recounts how its author has become a better Christian by visiting with the Colorado Buddhists. . . . In *Facing Up to Modernity: Reflections on Society, Politics, and Religion* (Basic, $11.50), Peter Berger argues for transcendence as a means of relieving the stresses of modernization. . . . James J. Kilpatrick, contributing editor of *NR*, will be out in September with the season's longest title: *The Foxes Union, and Other Stretchers, Tall Tales, and Discursive Reminiscences of Happy Years in Scrabble, Va.* (EPM, $9.95), a rewriting and recycling of the country columns he writes from his home in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

■ OCTOBER TITLES: The second volume of John Bartlow Martin's two-volume biography of one of the most overestimated men in recent American politics is just as good as the first. *Adlai Stevenson and the World: The Life of Adlai Stevenson* (Doubleday, $15) covers the life of the Rev. Mr. Stevenson from the day he stubbed his toe in November of 1952 to the day he departed this world in 1965.

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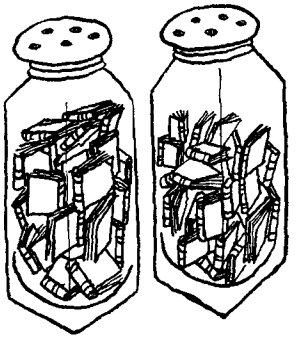
state of mind that long ago diffused itself throughout the spectrum of the Left. As Revel observes: One often wonders where socialism would be without capitalism to support it.

There remains a third theory, however, upon which M. Revel does not touch but which seems to emerge of itself from the evidence, and which explains not only the Left's enthusiasm for anti-capitalist philosophies but its many-times-proven immunity to examples of the bad faith and duplicity of the Stalinists. That is that the Left slyly admires that behavior: that, caring for little but the destruction of capitalist industrialism, and hence half indifferent to whatever system is put in its place, it is secretly pleased by the tactics of these shock troops of the future Utopia, these unsentimental rebels who smash all the rules of civilized—i.e., bourgeois—comity and go about their exciting business without regard to honor or legality, to which they consider themselves superior. The Higher Nihilism seems to be implicit in the anti-capitalist view of the future of humanity.

A Note on Revel-Socialism. Jean-François Revel has a reputation for not being taken with a proper measure of seriousness by his fellow intellectuals. Reviewers in this country tended to treat the book with vast condescension: Revel was fun, good intellectual sport in the tradition of the unsubstantiated French polemic, but he was irresponsible—and of course, *utterly wrong.*

It grieves me to say it, but I must conclude that Revel invites this kind of treatment. What discomfits and antagonizes his critics on the Left is the feeling they get from his books that he is not coming clean with them; that, despite his impeccable left-wing credentials—his candidacy ten years ago on the Socialist ticket in Neuilly, his regular and public flaying of President de Gaulle—and his frequent protestations of his undying commitment to the True Socialism, he is not addressing them in good faith. And the fact of the matter is that he is *not.*



On the ethereal level, *The Totalitarian Temptation* may be a paean to the *ur*-Socialism, the Platonic Form; but on the profane level (on which Revel, proudly a political journalist, insists he is working), it is a paean to capitalism. Revel's socialism, which he argues must be founded upon the bourgeois democratic freedoms that developed symbiotically with the capitalist system, is never clearly defined by him. What *is* clear is that Revel does not believe that socialism can fairly be said to have been established anywhere in the world.

At the same time, he laughs to death the idea of state ownership of the means of production, thereby drawing unto himself the suspicion that "socialism" is to him no more than the capitalist economy diverted toward "any change, reform, or revolution that results in making the economic system work a little more for the benefit of man, and man a little bit less for the benefit of the system; that makes the system work for a greater number of people and that brings it a bit more under their control." Revel's left-wing detractors are quite right to be scornful of such tosh; they cannot be blamed for suspecting that Revel is trying to put one over on them and hence for devoting themselves, as Sheldon Wolin did in his review of *The Totalitarian Temptation* for the *New York Times Book Review*, to eating the hole instead of the doughnut by giving over their critical space to accusing Revel of being a closet capitalist. Irving Kristol would meet with the same fate were he to proclaim socialistic principles in the pages of the *Wall Street Journal.*

In other words, M. Revel would vastly improve his position in the world of the literary politicians were he to hire a château, dress himself in a monkey-suit, invite his friends in, and get himself champagne-christened as a capitalist-roader. Is it perhaps a bit of evidence against his view of the U.S.A. as the cradle of the socialist transformation that this caustically aggressive French neo-conservative is, unlike our own domestic species, unwilling to tear from his chest the paramilitary emblem that, so long and so absurdly, has betokened moral rectitude and the immanent eschaton? □

A Rumor of War
By Philip Caputo
Holt, Rinehart, 346 pp., $10

BEST OF SEASON

D. KEITH MANO

What can be said? This is the hardest review I have ever had to write. Okay: there are three options. I can hang it up now, at sentence four. Or I can tell you that *A Rumor of War* is the most daunting and significant personal account yet generated by our great dishonor, Vietnam—which *Rumor* is: full stop: no qualifications—and end my assessment, my responsibility, there. Yes, but would that be enough? Would you read it? Oh, I'd like to have authority over your life. For just this moment. To hit you across the mouth, take your first-born child, invalidate your credit cards, whatever, if you don't read *A Rumor of War.* Now. I am that sick with passion for this book.

Or, option three, I can tell you what happened to Marine Lieutenant Philip J. Caputo in Vietnam. My review might then astonish you—but never as the book would astonish. Because its force depends on a slow acceptance: an acceptance, by you, of Lieutenant Caputo—half fearful soldier, half courageous soldier; half cynical, half enthusiastic—and, after three hundred pages, you will accept. Caputo is brash, intelligent, attractive, human: bitterly honest. I was friends-at-war with him. And, having made that choice, I had to pick up the tab for those last, terrible fifty pages. No way out. We are known by the company we keep. They haven't been previewed, those last fifty, in Holt, Rinehart's jacket blurb: for that reason. I'm a writer: I can't give Caputo's ending away. Its 60-mm shock is too important: not just for the reader: for the whole damned nation. So my account of Caputo's account will have to be a eunuchoid thing. A groping, stupid thing. I don't know how else to handle it.

Some background: Caputo was virtually the first Marine to land in Vietnam. Ten years later, as a correspondent, he was virtually the last American to leave it. And he can write. He shared a Pulitzer Prize for investigative re-

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portage; he won outright the Overseas Press Club George Polk Citation (subject: his capture by Palestinian guerrillas). Ironically, though never wounded as a Marine, he was hit with machine-gun fire while in Beirut, soldiering for that sovereign state, the *Chicago Tribune*. There is no trap here: Caputo hasn't written a leftist harangue (though I could easily have forgiven him for that). Indeed *Rumor* is more or less apolitical. It transcends the hawk-dove face-off. It's about young men under unreasonable stress: more persuasive for that. Caputo qualifies: the credentials are impeccable.

TAKE HIS BRILLIANT analysis of heroism: "Yet he [any soldier] is also attracted by the danger, for he knows that he can overcome his fear only by facing it. His blind rage then begins to focus on the men who are the source of the danger—and of his fear. It concentrates inside him, and through some chemistry is transformed into a fierce resolve to fight until the danger ceases to exist. But this resolve, which is sometimes called courage, cannot be separated from the fear that has aroused it. Its very measure is the measure of that fear. It is, in fact, a powerful urge not to be afraid any more. . . ." That, I hazard, can stand as the simplest, most accurate, description of bravery, its curious metabolism, ever written. But Caputo will be yet more forthright: "When the line wheeled and charged . . . almost with drill-field precision, an ache as profound as the ache of orgasm passed through me." No man can write about war unless he is first willing to acknowledge that special exhilaration: the exhilaration of a good kill. And today, for obvious reasons, you don't chance upon many people who are willing to acknowledge it in themselves. Caputo is: and through those last fifty pages—*hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère*—he will acknowledge much more than that.

But let me blow one ugly revelation in your soft ear. Recall, if you can, how often we were told that our boys had the best technological support possible against a primitive enemy. Bullshit. We, not the VC, massacred those GIs. In 1966 Marines were given WWII radio equipment that barely functioned; they had to eat rice (as the VC did) because C rations were inadequate and inappropriate. Companies went into battle at 60 per cent strength (60 when you count cooks and clerks); and half that 60 has been wounded at least once. Against a hostile force that was vastly superior in numbers from day one. This—goddam us to hell—is what the world's most prosperous nation did for its men. Because we hadn't stomach enough to commit ourselves wholly, until those last hopeless years, in what was a full-scale war. "You were faithful. Your country is not . . . 11 years after your death, the country for which you died wishes to forget the war in which you died."

Philip Caputo announces the finish, the unplanned obsolescence, of our conventional military force. There is no other possible conclusion. Army, Navy, Marines: they might as well be retrained as doormen or elevator operators or museum guards. America will never fight another counterinsurgency war. In fact, I doubt whether we will ever undertake any kind of conventional war again. At present we're fortunate if we can defend Bayside, Queens, let alone Mexico City or Taiwan or even Tel Aviv. You see, war is murder now. It's not the terrain you choose to defend, it's the terminology. And they, our opposition, have chosen the words: murder, not war. Man *v.* man, ambush *v.* ambush, Marine *v.* so-called "civilian." War is personal: it guest-appears on TV: Vietnam QED'd that. And we cannot accept the term "murderer." Unless we are willing to murder—are you, baby? —let us agree to disband, let's beat our swords into IBM shares. *A Rumor of War* convinced me of that. It will convince you. Now there is only the neutron bomb between America and slow capitulation. That, shall we hope, is too sudden, too huge, to be called a murder. □

POTPOURRI

On the Brink
By Benjamin Stein, with Herbert Stein
Simon and Schuster, 315 pp., $8.95

IT COULD HAPPEN HERE

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Disasters are big this season, and the Steins bring us to the brink of the biggest disaster of all. OPEC decides to raise the price of oil to $38 a barrel, and the world's industrialized nations are thrown into an economic tailspin. An unlovable American President, whose best lines are reserved for his dog, listens to the advice of a McGovernite Federal Reserve chairman and floods the economy with newly printed money, thereby fueling a disastrous inflation.

As in Weimar Germany, prices change daily. One character, traveling from Washington to New York, pays $8,010 for a ticket on the Eastern Shuttle. His cab ride from LaGuardia to Wall Street costs $6,000. A family's monthly gas bill rises to $150,000, and the attractive young wife, desperate to keep food on the table, gives her body to the butcher in exchange for meat.

This may sound exaggerated, and of course it is, for that's what disaster novels are all about. But it happened before, it can happen again, and this time the slide toward the brink would be infinitely more difficult to arrest. During the Weimar years, the economies of the other industrialized nations were sufficiently stable to pull Germany back from the edge. Today, however, most of those economies are solid as yogurt, they are intricately interrelated, and a large-scale economic disaster in any one of them could send the rest tumbling like dominoes. And then there is the unique threat posed by the OPEC members, who hold us gently by the throat and can apply as much pressure as they like any time they feel like squeezing. True, as the Steins point out, too tight a squeeze would be suicidal, since it could destroy the market for OPEC oil. But not all members of OPEC are famous for their logic.

The Steins' disaster may not occur, but it is possible, and that in itself is enough to make this a successful effort

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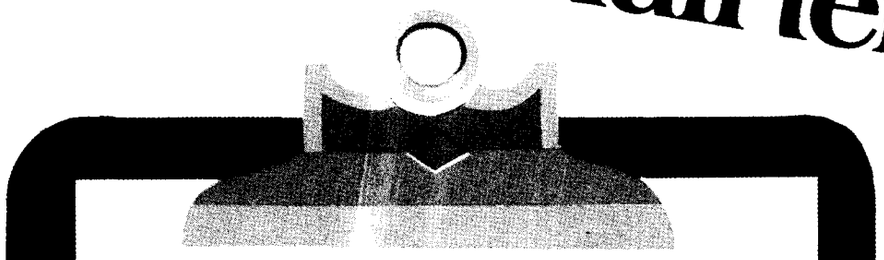

No doubt about it, there is much more pressure on students to be well-versed on the major issues of the day than ever before. But where can a student go to get reliable, intelligent information on such diverse (yet all very much in the forefront of the news) concerns as the state of the economy, the troubled Mideast or the problems of the new administration. The answer is simple: **National Review.**

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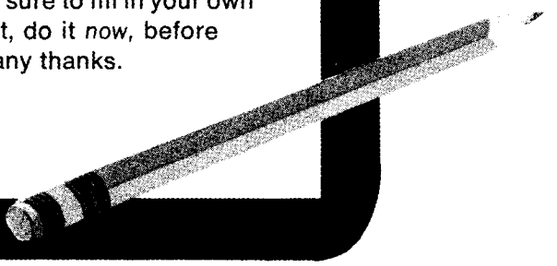

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in the voguish disaster sub-genre. And the collapse of the Western world is inherently more dramatic than a blimp crashing into the Super Bowl. *Black Sunday* promises to rid us of a stadium-ful of football fans and a few score overpaid NFL footballers. *On the Brink* threatens to wipe us all out. But the book is more than just a disaster novel. It is also a highly readable novel about economics, something that very few writers have ever brought off, and a novel about day-to-day decision-making in Washington.

As with most first novels, there are a number of predictable flaws. Dialogue is occasionally unlikely, some of the situations—especially those centered upon sex—are a bit bizarre, and several of the characters are flat. But the plot is ingenious and carefully constructed, the pace relentless, the humor sardonic. And there is a fully drawn and believable heroine who not only performs in the bedroom but also makes decisions and helps set policy—a rarity in any contemporary novel.

The strengths of *On the Brink* are due in large part to a unique father-son collaboration. Herbert Stein, the highly respected former director of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, provides the economic expertise and the knowledge of how decisions are made in the White House. His son, a former White House speechwriter, brings the gifts of a naturally talented writer: a sense of structure and scene, a feeling for pace and dialogue, and an appreciation of human foibles as seen through the satirist's eye.

We'll be hearing more from Benjamin Stein. *On the Brink* has real cinematic potential, and one suspects that it is the first in a series of highly entertaining and successful novels, which will in turn translate into a series of highly entertaining and successful films. □

A Place in the Country: A Narrative on the Imperfect Art of Homesteading and the Value of Ignorance
By Peter H. Matson
Random House, 235 pp., $8.95

FAUSTIAN BLISS

NORBERT MUHLEN

"A few years ago," Peter Matson's narrative begins, "I thought to find a place to live removed from the influences of the city, a simple place to be with my children on weekends, where vegetables would grow and water would come out of a well. Like many before me, I soon discovered that what I wanted was a house like none I had ever seen, and that to realize it I would have to build it myself, with my own hands." He chose for his homestead that beautiful part of Massachusetts' Berkshire mountains which remains worlds apart from the summertime explosion of culture mavens and tourists. Two years and 235 pages later, he and his family would celebrate the day when they could move from sleeping bags into a completed house.

If, at first, Matson seems to sound like a latter-day Thoreau, we can soon (and gratefully) correct this impression. So far from being a transcendental proto-hippie he is a junior partner in one of New York's high-powered literary agencies—an occupation usually conjuring up images of three-martini lunches, transcontinental phone calls, and a table at Régine's. Clearing woods, putting up posts, turning a pre-Revolutionary barn frame into a comfortable dwelling—doing all this on weekends, after selling words in Manhattan all week long—Matson was engaged in a considerably more difficult undertaking than was the cop-out from Concord who, in addition, never had to worry about mortgages, state building permits, or the high cost of lumber (let alone of a septic tank).

In his elegant narrative, alternately reflective, humorous, and informative, Matson describes how, "holding tight to an inalienable sense of promise," he succeeded in realizing the great design for which neither Harvard nor Madison Avenue had prepared him. And how, after back-breaking work, learning by trial and error—in fact, almost every error an intelligent dilettante could commit—he discovered much more than the mastery of mysterious objects such as knee braces, half king posts, purlins, mortises. This is not another how-to book for do-it-yourselfers, although readers (including this reviewer) whose ignorance of elementals —repairing a leaky gutter, for instance —leaves them at the mercy of the local handyman can find much of practical interest.

But while it is absorbing to watch a new house taking roots in an old shell and maturing, becoming strong—a process which Matson describes with literary charm and originality—it is even more rewarding to observe that same process within the builder himself. To him, it turns into a successful search for values: honoring the heritage of the past, but not merely restoring or preserving something that has become antiquated; building with his own hands, but making good use of sophisticated modern tools and materials; striking a balance between modern technology and reverence for nature —in short, discovering and constructing a life-line from the transiency of the city to "a place in the country." This "place" was what Faust envisioned when in his last words he praised the ideal of standing "on free ground among free people"—a vision to which, incidentally, Goethe was inspired by his image of the young United States of America, at a time when the first settlers were beginning to prosper on that free ground in the Berkshires where Peter Matson built his homestead. □

Life after Life
By Raymond A. Moody
Stackpole, 184 pp., $5.95

LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

The noise is overwhelming. It has been described as a buzzing, a roaring, a clicking. Some say it's like the tinkling

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of a million glass bells. Others have heard majestic music. Then comes a trip at fantastic speed through a narrow, dark tunnel. One man later said he no longer feared "the valley of the shadow," because he'd been there and beyond, and it's all right.

Thus does the soul leave the body—according to at least 150 people who have been clinically dead and subsequently revived. Their stories come haltingly, for fear of embarrassment, ridicule, and aspersions on their sanity. But Dr. Raymond A. Moody has gotten them to talk, and their incredibly consistent tales have been compiled in this underground best-seller.

After the tunnel ride they find themselves in an indescribable but nonetheless complete and functional spiritual body near their mortal remains. They have watched medical teams and rescue workers labor furiously over their corpses with a detached feeling of contentment; they usually don't want to go back to their bodies. Some have tried to stop the medical efforts but were frustrated by the ineffectuality of the incorporeal self. Many have later stunned their physicians and nurses with painstakingly detailed accounts of the efforts that were made to revive them, of comments made by the medical team, of conversations among their distraught relatives in adjoining rooms, which they visited by passing through the walls.

Most remarkable of all the experiences which supposedly take place on the other side of the veil is the appearance of the "Being of Light." In physical terms, the light would be dazzling, blinding. But there is no discomfort. Instead there is an incomparable sense of serenity, well-being, fulfillment, warmth, love, acceptance. One woman, a devout Christian, told Dr. Moody she now believes that Christ meant it literally when He said, "I am the light of the world."

The light is an intelligent entity who sometimes asks if you are content to be dead. One man said that he was, that he wanted to stay—but he was concerned about his adopted son and his wife's ability to raise him properly. The light told him that, because he had asked not for himself but for a loved one, he should return, and that he would be back for him when his son was a man.

The being then shows you a panorama of your life, but there is nothing fearsome, judgmental, or accusatory about it. It appears to be educational, to supply a perspective for the promise of what follows . . .

What follows, no one knows. All the interviewees had been brought back by this point. There is no sense of "reentry"; only a loss of consciousness in the spiritual state, an awakening in the physical one.

THIS IS THE stuff that hack science fiction and schlock spiritualism are made of. But Moody doesn't appear to be a crackpot: he is a physician, with a PhD in philosophy from the University of Virginia; he aspires to teach psychiatry and the philosophy of medicine. Why would he have set himself up for the ridicule to which he has been subjected?

He draws no conclusions. He does anticipate and demolish alternative explanations: drugs, cerebral anoxia, hallucinations. He draws some comparisons between these accounts and Swedenborg's writings, the Bible, and the Tibetan Book of the Dead. But he seems just as disturbed by what he has been told as any reader. It wasn't until he had written the book that he found out about Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, a distinguished psychiatrist who for years has been quietly conducting a similar investigation: her findings are virtually identical.

Suicide, by the way, is a bad trip. For suicides, as for the others, the sensation of death involves merely a passage. But at the end of the tunnel the suicide finds himself in a thoroughly unpleasant grey limbo, utterly alone. He knows that he will be there a long time, that he is there because he rejected the gift of life. As far as one can judge from these people's brief incursions into the next life, only the sins of suicide and murder ordain there anything resembling punishment, and even that is not so much a final condemnation as a lengthy purification.

The people who have given Moody these gripping accounts of what they firmly believe were round-trips to the afterlife have been of all ages, both sexes, many religions, many levels of intelligence and education, and varied social and geographical backgrounds. All have a renewed sense of contentment, satisfaction, fulfillment, and earthly purpose.

And none is afraid to die. □

The PRINTED WORD

BALANCING ACT

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

After decades of complaining about media negligence, conservatives now find themselves accepted and even welcome in the pages of respectable magazines. You can hardly pick up a major magazine any more in perfect confidence that you won't find in its pages an essay by some articulate figure of the Right: George Will, Walter Berns, Kevin Phillips, Milton Friedman, Ernest van den Haag, R. Emmett Tyrrell. Some of the kinkier ones even carry D. Keith Mano. *The New Republic* frequently features a senior editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, Jeffrey Hart. Now *that* is assimilation. This is only a sampling, but happily suggestive of the shades of conservative thought and style that now find a receptive audience among editors and readers alike.

I haven't mentioned the so-called neo-conservatives—Banfield, Kristol, Sowell, Wilson—who have contributed to this situation by constituting a sort of missing link between the "vital center" and the formerly isolated Right. But the real key to this new success has been the internal vitality of the right wing itself, which has, even in its ostracism by the media, conducted its conversation with a civility that bespeaks its self-assurance in the relevance of its insight and its faith that, sooner or later, it would be listened to by fair-minded men exasperated with the pretensions of liberalism and socialism. I think of the gatherings, frequently consisting of only a few dozen people, of the Philadelphia Society, the Mont Pelerin Society, and the Center for Constructive Alternatives.

The proceedings of the Philadelphia and Mont Pelerin groups are semiprivate, their influence indirect. But the

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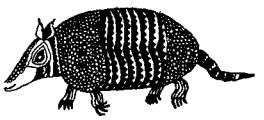
Center for Constructive Alternatives, located at Michigan's Hillsdale College, makes its fruits available in the form of a little pamphlet called *Imprimis*. Every month or so, *Imprimis* is mailed to subscribers in an ordinary envelope. It consists of a single speech reprinted on a single piece of handsome paper folded over into four or six pages. Though it welcomes contributions (without harassing you for them), it is free. Nothing like getting a free pamphlet to tell you there's no such thing as a free lunch.

Hillsdale has become quite a bastion of freedom in the last few years. Its bookstore features stacks of Friedman, stacks of Hayek, stacks of von Mises . . . Located in a town (Hillsdale) so wholesome that Anita Bryant would lower its tone, the college has only a thousand students and at least as many guest lecturers, thanks to President George Roche, who looks like an old-time movie star and bats out scholarly books with his eyes closed. One of his books was an assault on affirmative action titled *The Balancing Act*; not having read it, HEW is trying to cut off direct loans to Hillsdale students because Roche won't even let his offices do the paperwork the government demands. It is all principle with him: the school, of course, does not reject any category of persons, being rigorously individualistic, nor does it receive or crave taxpayer subventions.



Meanwhile, the speakers stream in, and *Imprimis* relays their thoughts to anyone who cares to read them. I hoard my copies and have at hand a number of delectable and instructive numbers. "Utopianism, Ancient and Modern," by Irving Kristol, argues that until recently there were no utopians—only constructors of utopias, who conceived their projects as heuristic models, not to be realized at the cost in dislocation and blood they would entail in the twentieth century. M. Stanton Evans announces that "There Is No Urban Crisis," analyzing the whole concept into oblivion while demonstrating the real nature of the problems, and their solution: letting people make their own decisions and rely on their own labor and resources. In "Ethics and Politics of Communism," Gerhart Niemeyer discusses the peculiar condition of political action for Communism: since the ultimate meaning of history can't be known in advance, no constructive action is possible, and the Communist enterprise is necessarily one of nihilistic demolition. Edward Jay Epstein considers "The Bias of Network News" and finds it not so much ideological—he thinks the news producers are pretty conscientious about fairness—as a kind of geographical and technological gravitation that imposes its own patterns, willy-nilly, on news stories. One of the "Lessons from the British Experience," Arthur Shenfield tells us, is that there is no such thing as public ownership; nationalized industries in fact become the private property of bureaucrats and labor officials, the public being forced "to pay the take-it-or-leave-it prices imposed upon them and to pick up the tab when the losses have to be met."

Hillsdale places a heavy emphasis on economic freedom, and many of its speakers are economists; this makes for some repetition and even banality in *Imprimis*. But a good proportion of its numbers are intellectually exciting, some of them going sharply against the laissez-faire grain. I think of addresses by Jeffrey Hart ("Ideas in Culture") and by Kevin Phillips ("The Media: The Power and the Glory"), two subtle and original analyses of what really goes on under the rubric of "the free flow of ideas and information."

There is not only a sociology of knowledge, but also a kind of Social Register of ideas. Not only a free marketplace of ideas, but also a rigged market—and a black market—of ideas. There is a rich vein of thought struck here, and you won't find it mined on the *New York Times*' Op-Ed page. □

ATROCITIES

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T READ

VREST ORTON

Many learned books and papers have been written these last several years on the appalling inability of our public-education system to teach our children to read their own language. It seems that the more we spend building bigger and more luxurious schools and paying higher and higher salaries to teachers and administrators, the less Johnny can read.

Parents are disgusted with this puzzle and are voting down, all over the nation, requests for more money for schools. Yet they are very seldom aware of a major reason why youngsters can pass through the primary system and even graduate from high school without the ability to read.

This reason has to do with printing. In the last ten years American book and magazine publishers, ignorant of tradition and the true purpose of printing, have introduced into the printed page the most impossible type ever invented since movable type was first used over 525 years ago.

I refer to a bold, blunt, hard, stark, rigid style of type called sans serif. The best definition is given by the Oxford English Dictionary, which succinctly declares that sans serif is "a form of type without serifs, called also grotesque." Grotesque it certainly is.

This paragraph is set in a sans serif typeface. A paragraph later in this article is set in Caslon type so that the reader may instantly get the point. And what is the point? It's simple. Type is a medium: it is *not* an end in itself. The purpose of printing, whether a book, magazine, or newspaper, is to make the text easy, pleasant, and inviting to read. Years ago I was associated with one of America's most distinguished printers, Daniel Berkeley Updike, who wrote the modern history of printing in America. Mr. Updike expressed most concisely the aim of arranging type on a page by saying: "Typography should be invisible." If you pick up a book or a magazine and exclaim, "Oh, isn't this beautiful type!" the designer has failed. Any type that gets between the reader and the author is not doing its job.

Any type that makes the message difficult to read, that makes the printed page strident, brazen, and uncomfortable to the eye, is wrong, except for one purpose—the purpose for which sans serif was designed by the Germans: advertising. For generations, sans serif

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was kept where it belonged: in display advertisements whose function was to shout at the reader.

The man who first sold the printers this type for use in anything but advertising should be accorded his proper place in history, which is a place of infamy. Thanks to him, many textbooks and a number of magazines are now printed in this style of type, which not only repels and insults the eye, but actually makes printed matter almost impossible to read. And I can think of only one reason why magazine designers would use sans serif: they don't want Johnny to read the text, they want him to read the advertisements. So by using a look-Ma-no-hands type for *both* text and advertising, they have achieved the advertising man's fondest dream: *you can't tell what is text and what is advertising.*

So, by contrast, why are types such as Caslon (the type you are now reading) the best and most legible?

William Caslon first came out with a complete specimen sheet of his magnificent English type in 1734. At the same time, other similar typefaces were being designed: Baskerville, Bell, Janson, and Garamond, to mention a few. All these performed the two proper functions of a typeface: 1) to make the printed page easy, agreeable, and pleasant to read; 2) to create, by the harmonious relationship of type, a comfortable, inviting page of printing—all without the reader's knowing why! These classic types achieve that purpose because of their perfect proportions between thin and heavy lines, thin and heavy curves, and the height and width of each letter. The letters fit together in such a way that the reader is never conscious of each letter, but only of word and sentence.

SANS SERIF type does just the opposite. Each letter stands alone and yells for attention. Each letter is the same width in all its parts; there are no contrasts. A page of sans serif type is like a landscape with two hundred hills in the distance, all exactly the same shape, size, and height. The words for both are *monotonous* and *unnatural.*

Caslon and the other historic types exude character and charm—while remaining always unobtrusive. And they have survived the test of time. The eye, for two centuries, has found these types agreeable, just as the eye of knowledgeable and educated people finds the aesthetic character of Georgian architecture comfortable and agreeable. In contrast, modern architects (who derive their inspiration from German masters) build cold, stark, impressive skyscrapers and cold, sterile, modern furniture, chromed and slick. We look at these and exclaim in awe at their boldness. But no one ever fell in love with them. They shout and startle but they do not welcome the eye.

Same way with sans serif type.

It's a mongrel. It has no history and it's there only to say: "Look at me!" It's why Johnny can't read: the sheer effort of trying to read a crude type that was never, even by the Germans, made for reading is too much, and Johnny says to hell with it.

Johnny can't read, in large part, because printers and designers have kept him from reading. □

OUT-OF-DOORS

WHITE WATER!

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Millions of years ago the New River—it's the continent's oldest, incidentally—carved a deep gorge through the Appalachian mountains. Indians fished and trapped near and in the river they called the River of the Dead, because of its swift and treacherous waters. But it wasn't until the 1870s that industrial man put his stamp on the narrow New River Gorge, blasting out a stretch of rail along its rocky, wooded flanks. And with the railroad in place, other men moved in to tap the area's rich sources of bituminous coal and to send its virgin timber to market.

Today, the mines are abandoned; the settlements where the miners lived are ghost towns, most of them long since re-engulfed by vegetation, victims of fire, decay, and long, hard winters. And the river is given over again to fishermen and to new invaders, white water enthusiasts eager to run its testing waters.

It's early, just after 7:00 A.M., and the mist still lies low over the campsite of Wildwaters Unlimited in Thurmond, West Virginia, about fifty miles southeast of Charleston. Some thirty of us who will be running the river (at $40 per) wear sweaters or jackets against the early morning chill. We listen quietly as a guide explains what we will be expected to do in the course of the day's strenuous run. How to hold the paddle, in case we don't know. How to brace inside the ten-man rubber raft when we come to the rapids. We are not to kneel or sit on the bottom of the boat because a) we will be passing over rocks, and rocks are hard on knees and coccyges, and b) because down in the boat we won't be able to provide the forward motive power that is needed to keep our rafts from going broadside through the rapids (A Bad Thing).

"When we tell you to get down inside the boat and brace," says Larry, "we mean it. . . . Otherwise a bad thing happens. It's called fallout." (Before the day is over one of us will have fallen out—the genial bearded young musician who still can't explain how come he found himself busy paddling in the bosom of the New.) Should we fall out we are instructed how then to proceed. You flip over on your back, feet downstream, and ride out the rapids buoyed by your lifejacket, making like the Lady of Shalott.

They divide us up. Three experienced crew members and seven more or less amateur paddlers to a rubber raft. In the still waters near the landing we practice our strokes; short, sharp, strong forward strokes; backpaddling, left side first, then right side. Larry explains that rapids in the East are graded on a scale of one to six, which ratings have to do with the velocity of the waters, the narrowness and difficulty of the passage, how fast

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the boat must be maneuvered to avoid a spill. We will go over eight or ten Number Five rapids in our 15-mile trip from Thurmond (pop.: 86) to Fayette Station (pop.: not much more).

Our first rapid is right ahead, a Number One. We practice bracing, and some of us land in the bottom of the boat as it lurches sideways and our sneakers slide on the wet rubber bottom. Soon the pace picks up. The waters after a recent rain are brown but translucent. Green cliffs stretch high on both sides, seemingly untouched by man. Here and there, rose and white splotches of wild rhododendron temper the prevailing green. Our guides from time to time point out some well-spaced treetops, all that remains visible, from river-level, of an orchard a miner once planted. We see the remnants of a swinging bridge the miners used to cross the river, an occasional coal sluice and slide, the ruins of a colliery. Occasionally, a hundred yards or so above our heads, we hear a train whistle, and we strain to pick out the long line of slow-moving C&O freight cars.

BUT MOSTLY our ears are tuned to the muffled roar of the tumbling waters that means rapids ahead. A series of big ones is coming up: a Five that goes right into a Three and then bang into another big Five, the Keeney's Creek rapids. It's tricky. We pull over to the side to take on an experienced boatman from one of the other craft—double-teaming they call it. That way we will have two guides in the bow and two in the stern. Larry explains exactly what he wants us to do. How we'll take the first rapid moving in from left to right. How we'll straighten up to take the Three and then, if possible, do a 360° turn, capitalizing on the thrust of the Three to pull over to the side—out of the onrushing waters—and bail before taking on the second big Five. We don't want to take it with a sluggish boat full of water. Maneuverability is the name of the game. We watch, resting our paddles as the lead boat hits the first big one. It slides right out of sight; then up bob ten heads, and down it goes again, but we're too busy now to watch.

"Put your backs into it," yells Larry, "short, sharp strokes. Follow the man ahead. Down into the boat, brace yourselves." His voice rises. "Left Charlie, left." Charlie is in the bow. He has wound a bracing rope around his foot. He leans out of the boat, way out over the racing waters, braced only by his legs, dips his paddle into the water an impossible three or four feet out from the boat, and pulls, pulls hard toward us. We turn slowly to the left. The waters pour over us. We lose our footing, push ourselves back up, conscious only of our own efforts and Larry's commands. Brace against anything you can find, spit out the water, blink it away from your eyes, feel the boat plunge, take on speed, slice its way along, Larry's voice carrying over the thunder. "Back paddle, left," yells Larry. Everyone strains as we go through the Three, but we're failures. We don't make the 360° turn as the boat ahead of us did and the boats behind us will. But we do manage to pull over into the calmer waters and bail before hitting that big one ahead.

And so it goes. Moments of heady excitement and back-straining paddling. Moments of quiet, when you slip overboard and swim to cool off. A little quiet history from the attractive guides —most of them college students—interspersed with long complicated narrative jokes they have worked up over the campfires of an evening. It's too soon over. We've taken our last big Five just after Fayette Station, and step ashore, dirty, sweating, drenched, hair plastered down and sneakers squelching. Wasn't that just great, we tell each other, delighted, laughing. *Just great.* □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE CROWNED CANNIBALS: *Writings on Repression in Iran, by Reza Baraheni (Vintage, 279 pp., paperback, $3.95).* Reza Baraheni's best credential is his poetry, written in English, which occupies the last 57 pages of this book; it is terse, committed, impassioned. His account of 102 days of torture at the hands of SAVAK, the Shah's secret police, is equally impassioned, and horrifying, but raises political questions. Is SAVAK an arm of the CIA, and the Shah a puppet of Ambassador Helms, the former CIA chief, as Baraheni implies? Was the CIA coup of 1953 against Mossadegh a deliberate scuttling of democracy, as Baraheni claims, or a counterthrust by the democratic West against the imminent takeover of Iran by the Soviet Union, a possibility that Baraheni never mentions? And finally, why was the author—a witness to "routine" tortures any one of which would leave a victim crippled for life if not insane—given no more than beatings on the soles of his feet and a broken finger, and released with his wife and child to bear witness against his enemies? The evidence cited, until questions like these are answered honestly, must remain suspect. SELDEN RODMAN

THE ORIGIN OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE BREAKDOWN OF THE BICAMERAL MIND, *by Julian Jaynes (Houghton Mifflin, 467 pp., $12.95).* Ancient man was not like you and me; he did not think. Could not, in fact, think. Instead, his actions were directed by auditory hallucinations—voices that became known as the gods. In this surprisingly readable study of the complex mechanisms that underlie the development of human consciousness, psychologist Julian Jaynes draws evidence from modern studies of the brain, archaeological finds, and man's earliest literary remains. He concludes: "At one time human nature was split in two, an executive part called god, and a follower part called man. Neither was conscious." Thus, according to Jaynes, man at the earliest moments of Western civilization—man as he is depicted in the Bible and the *Iliad*—was a bicameral being. Volition, initiative, and planning were controlled by the right hemisphere of the brain which, in time of stress, sent messages to the left hemisphere in the form of auditory commands that were heard as divine voices: "So Hector, faced with the decision-suffering of whether to go outside the walls of Troy and fight Achilles or stay within them, in the stress of the decision hallucinates the voice that tells him to go out." Jaynes traces the often confusing transition from unseen god to god-image to god-king—each able to direct behavior because of man's unwavering belief in the voices. And Jaynes follows the orderly movement of man under the social control of the bicameral mind from hunting group to agricultural community to civilization. Up to this point Jaynes's hypothesis is likely to cause only mild controversy among his fellow psychologists. But his conclusion that consciousness did not evolve as part of man's natural animal development is certain to send uncomfortable waves through the whole of the scientific community. According to Jaynes it was only by chance and only some three thousand years ago that natural catastrophe and geological cataclysm displaced infant Western civilizations; on his theory, it was the reigning confusion and the interaction among different peoples that caused the breakdown of the bicameral mind and the birth of consciousness. Although Jaynes at times wanders off firm scientific ground, he is hardly a fantastic charging ahead with fictional sword in hand. His is a boldly reasoned new theory that challenges other scientists to prove him right or wrong. THOMAS BRIDGES

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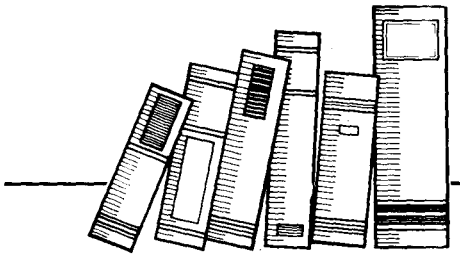

Dark Horses

As Theodore Draper comments in the opening chapter of *Defending America* (Basic Books. $13.95), we have yet to hear a proper definition of detente. After reading his essay and the other excellent contributions to this volume, I propose the following: In periods of cold war, the Communists seek to conquer the world, and we resist. In periods of detente, the Communists seek to conquer the world, and we do *not* resist.

Harshly stated, perhaps, but a reasonable paraphrase of what this study has to tell us. Though most of the authors (Draper, Walter Laqueur, Charles Burton Marshall, Edward Luttwak, Eugene V. Rostow, Paul Seabury) are distinguished liberals, they have put together an indictment of detente that a synod of conservative hard-liners could not surpass.

Among other things, these authors show us the Soviets have ruthlessly violated the general strictures of detente, broken agreements that were said to provide assurance of their good intentions, and evaded arms accords that were supposed to take us down the road to peace. Moscow suborns aggression in Asia, Latin America, the Middle East, and Africa, while our officials not only fail to offer vigorous response but obscure the dismal facts of record to keep the dream of amity alive.

The dreadful irony in all of this is that our weakness is so thoroughly self-inflicted. As Professor Albert Wohlstetter shows in his definitive survey of the arms race, there really isn't any "race," since the Soviets have been straining every sinew to increase their strength while we have been striving with equal main to downplay our own (a point underscored by Norman Polmar in an alarming piece about the decline of the American Navy). First-rate contributions by Leonard Schapiro, W. Scott Thompson, Robert Conquest, and Gregory Grossman round out the volume.

That the shape of American defenses is parlous in the extreme is also argued by Francis P. Hoeber and William Schneider Jr. in *Arms, Men, and Military Budgets* (Crane, Russak, & Co., 347 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017; $5.95), a second annual look by these authorities at the relative condition of the U.S. and Soviet arsenals. The story told by the author-editors and their fellow essayists (David Kassing, Stephen Lukasik, Steven L. Canby, W. T. Lee, Donald Brennan) confirms the reading of Professor Wohlstetter: for better than a decade, the United States has been "disinvesting" in defense, cutting back on outlays for strategic weapons and general purpose forces alike.

Hoeber and Schneider also contribute important chapters to a briefer study of our enfeeblement called *The Emerging Strategic Imbalance* (ACU Education and Research Institute, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003; $1). This booklet includes discussion by Senator Harry Byrd, Admiral Thomas Moorer, General Daniel Graham, Professors Stefan Possony and James Dornan, and other experts on arms and foreign policy. Of special interest are essays by T. K. Jones and M. R. Edwards on Soviet civil defense, Peter Hughes and Christopher Lehmann on SALT, and Chris D. Lay on the merits of the B-1 bomber.

Another controverted weapons system is examined, and ably defended, by Robert L. Pfaltzgraff and Jacquelyn K. Davis in *The Cruise Missile: Bargaining-Chip or Defense Bargain?* (Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, 675 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass. 02139; $3). These authors lucidly describe the workings of various cruise missiles, explain the virtues of such weapons (evasion of radar through low-altitude flight, precision targeting, flexibility of use), and come down in favor of development. Opponents argue, naturally, that such a course would disturb the atmospherics of detente: a consummation devoutly to be wished.

—M. Stanton Evans

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Solution to Last Issue's Tran-O-Gram

DANIEL [J.] BOORSTIN:

ADVERTISING AND AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

When Henry Ford first set out to make the Model T, friends said, you don't want to try to sell that car to everybody; all these cars on the road will frighten the horses. . . . Henry Ford said no, that's not the case; everyone will own a car; there won't be any more horses.

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PERLMUTTER

(Continued from page 996)

he will economize by bidding on a yearling at one of the frequent auctions held throughout the country. At these yearling vendues the prospective owner pits his estimate of bloodlines and judgment of conformation against the long odds of picking a Thoroughbred who, when (and if) he gets to the races, will earn back the investment in him. But in 1976 the average earnings per runner amounted to $5,200. The more telling and discouraging median earnings were $2,100. Patently, hopefulness is a more dominating characteristic of Thoroughbred owners than perspicacity.

Purchasers with underdeveloped smarts, modest means, and rampant hopefulness may use still another approach to ownership. They can buy a broodmare whose previous foals have been undistinguished and who is in foal to an unproven, and therefore modestly priced, stallion. This is known as trying to catch lightning in a bottle. It's what we did and, as readers have surmised by now, our bottle runneth over.

WHY? Why would an otherwise square couple, their salary-derived income long and carefully husbanded, their lifestyle and their fantasies totally devoid of evidence linking them to either the Aga Khan or Pittsberg Phil, jump from the secure threshold of their middle age into the high risk, DANGER AHEAD uncertainties of Thoroughbred ownership?

I'll tell you why. The day our mare foaled the leggy colt we would later name Ruthie's Native, I lunched with a friend I hadn't seen in years. He had recently retired, or, more accurately, he had recently been retired. I asked him how it was going, and, so quickly that I was taken aback, his sadnesses, as if they had been too long too tightly capped, came gushing out. He told me that suddenly in retirement he had the unwelcome time in which to ask himself if his life had been a good time. "That's what it all comes down to when you're my age, looking down the hill you came up. Was it fun, or could you have done without it?"

And he answered himself, because he was really talking to himself. "It hasn't been fun. It just hasn't been fun. It has hurt."

And more. He told me how it's all he can do to avoid polishing his disappointments nightly, placing them one next to the other on his mind's mantel, fondling and crying over them. "Remember, how when we were kids, the Who am I, What am I questions that'd keep us awake? Well, I'm at it again. Instead of going fishing or writing that forty-year-delayed novel, I'm back at position one, only I'm no longer an adolescent, and the pain is in *knowing* that I'll never be a fireman, never be a cowboy."

And all the while he was talking, his word-tears rolled over, seeped through my heart. But not my head. Horseplayers are rarely suicides. For them, there's always tomorrow. And horse-owners? So what if they've made Chairman of the Board, it hasn't really been all that much fun. And what counts now, what might just make the nightingales finally sing, is: Did you see the look of that foal? He might just be a winner, and maybe, just maybe, who knows, might go all the way to the Derby.

And if he doesn't, there's always next year, and another foal, another chance at a passport to Nirvana.

You know something? On second thought, for all the disparities in our yesterdays, for all the light-years separating the Jockey Club from the B'nai B'rith, the Vanderbilts and the Perlmutters just may be related. □

STROMBERG

(Continued from page 991)

university people (found more often in literature and philosophy departments than in politics or economics, where the whirr of computers drowns out any meaningful discourse), have made Marx into an aesthetician, interested primarily in literature and the arts. (Shades of that Lenin remark about having no time for Beethoven when there are capitalists to be killed!) Under their skilled hands, he has come out looking like a combination of Talcott Parsons and Lionel Trilling, flavored with only a *soupçon* of Cohn-Bendit. *Das Kapital* is a dirty word. Only clods talk about Dialectical Materialism.

Where will it all end? A second-generation member of the Frankfurt School, like Jürgen Habermas, seems so utterly released from any recognizable connection with classical Marxism that one wonders why he bothers to preserve the name, other than as a sentimental gesture. So also with Michael Harrington's *The Twilight of Capitalism*, which manages to vulgarize the revolt against vulgar Marxism—an indication of how far the fashion has progressed. We give up all the Marxian dogmas, but attempt to keep Marxism as a method, a canon of interpretation. But unless we regard this canon as itself subject to criticism, we remain dogmatic. But if we do criticize it, Marxism becomes the same as proper scientific method, with no more reason to call it Marxist than to call it Weberian or Parsonian or a hundred other names derived from estimable social thinkers, each of whom has, like Marx, made some contribution to our understanding. There is no way we can preserve something called Marxism; like the master himself, we must not be Marxists.

It is all rather like those split-level Unitarian churches where the altar is discreetly concealed, political and social issues are discussed, and Christ becomes a McGovernite. Post-Reformation Marxism is entering its Age of Enlightenment. Will this not inevitably have some effect on those totalitarian states which have built their monstrous despotisms on the misreading of a great thinker? □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Thinking about Crime

On The Right

New York, Aug. 8—The conventional wisdom is that one needs to spend one's time in probing the *causes* of our social maladies. A few very bright men (e.g., James Q. Wilson, Ernest van den Haag) have been trying to tell us, particularly in the field of penology, that it would be splendid if we were to discover the causes of crime, or the techniques of rehabilitation, but it is our absorption with these pursuits that distracts us from coping with crime. Weeks after the anarchic outburst in New York City, the talk still tends to dwell on the causes of it. But what should be *done*?

Herewith a few propositions:

1. More people than are now in jail ought to be in jail.

2. The objection that there are not enough jails is an insufficient one. There are two ways of dealing with the problem. The first would be to build more jails. The second would be to release from jail prisoners who have been sent there as punishment for committing nonviolent crimes. In federal institutions, only 25 per cent of the inmates are there for having murdered, kidnapped, raped, or mugged. In New York State prisons, 30 per cent of the inhabitants are not guilty of violent crimes. These people could be punished in different ways, outside jail.

3. There being no way to make parents responsible for the behavior of their children when there are no parents (it is estimated that over 50 per cent of black teenagers in New York City live without one or more of their parents), legal distinctions between children and adults should be abolished where there are no parents; and where there are parents, these distinctions should be abolished after repeated offenses.

4. Judges or parole boards who release, before he is 25 years old, a prisoner of whatever age who has been convicted three times of a Class A misdemeanor, or twice of a Class E felony, should be subject to impeachment proceedings.

5. The community should acknowledge responsibility for failure to grant adequate protection to a member of that community. Victims of violent crimes should be compensated; so also should victims of theft, under reasonable regulations.

Now NONE of this suggests thought should cease to be given to the causes of every kind of misbehavior. If the future holds for us some thaumaturgical medication that will transform the Son of Sam into St. Francis of Assisi, we should by all means do our best to get it past the Federal Drug Administration. But the methodological breakthrough is overdue: we must reason from the particular back toward the general, rather than the other way around. *It is nice to see old Spencer* Tracy movies with Father Flanagan saying such things as: "There's no such thing as a bad boy." But the broken arm, the ravished girl, the tortured old man, are the concrete realities. It does not preclude any kind of inventive ministrations to bad boys to rule that these should be given inside prison walls. Going after the symptom of the disease (a cognate cliché) is unreasonable only when it is known how to treat the disease. Since we do not know how to treat the disease, lacking—for instance—the authority to require people to procreate children only in wedlock, then we must ask whether dealing with the symptom isn't to be preferred to do nothing at all.

The answer should be plain. But of course it isn't; and that is why no reform movement has grown out of the awful events of the past weeks, and years. □

COUNTDOWN IN RHODESIA *London*, July 28—The other day Dr. David Owen, Great Britain's Foreign Minister, was asked point-blank: Will you or will you not here and now guarantee the Rhodesians that they will be admitted into Great Britain in the event they should flee the new order?

Dr. Owen's answer was cautious. Well, he said, he was sure that the attitude of the government on the question would be "generous." The interrogator bore down. Surely if Britain's position is that Rhodesia is an illegal state, it follows that Rhodesians are actually subject to the Crown—otherwise, the means by which they choose to conduct themselves would be entirely their own affair? Doesn't it follow that they are British citizens, and therefore have the right to immigrate into Great Britain?

Again Dr. Owen was cautious. Well, he said, the fact that Rhodesians have defied the authority of the British government renders them only hypothetically British. What he said in effect is that under one construction of the law they might be thought to be traitors—*who had forfeited their passports.*

Now the reason for all this ambiguity goes beyond the legal question of the residual rights of the white Rhodesians. Dr. Owen admitted that his government is negotiating. The British are using all their power to bring down the government of Ian Smith, and no doubt one of the chips at their disposal is the question of re-entry to Great Britain, where a great many white Rhodesians would almost certainly seek sanctuary. As long as the British are vague on the point, the pressure mounts on the Rhodesians to behave ingratiatingly.

The crisis in Rhodesia is coming very quickly now. The desperate call by Ian Smith for an election has the smell of one of those final elections conducted by Thieu in South Vietnam. The probability is that the election will not receive the backing even of Bishop Muzorewa, who has always been a weak and vacillating leader and, although still popular, is almost certain to be outmaneuvered by the terrorists. Joshua Nkomo was once firmly committed to constitutional government but now, in order to prove his revolutionary machismo, is trying to out-shoot Robert Mugabe. The so-called Patriotic Front is forthrightly committed to taking vengeance on all the black Rhodesians who fought the terrorists. The black population of Rhodesia that participated in white Rhodesian efforts to resist terrorism and bring on constitutional reform will prove to be the most forlorn victims in the months ahead. Like the

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Algerians who sided with the French during that bloody war and were left to the untender mercies of the Algerian victors. If Dr. Owen has given thought to the question of how to protect them, that is a government secret.

Recently, at a gathering of the Organization for African Unity, the leaders of black Africa convened, and lo it transpired that the lion of the lot was no less than General Amin. Indeed a *New York Times* dispatch recorded that if it had been on the agenda to elect a king of Africa, Amin would have been designated. Even Kenneth Kaunda, the prince of moderation, declined to criticize him.

It is in this climate that the regime of Ian Smith is being brought down. Once they used to talk about the Sixth Principle—the guarantee of constitutional government in the regime following Ian Smith's. That talk is positively antiquarian in sound. It cannot reasonably be said that the United States or Great Britain has a strategy in Rhodesia which would effectively protect whites, and blacks associated with them, from the next regime.

THERE IS in the Houses of Parliament these days a figure one might call the great surviving curmudgeon of the Western world. Ronald Bell's speeches might have been written by the late Westbrook Pegler. He is given to great eructations of intolerance. A while back he said, "Women are inferior—second class citizens—and ought to be treated as such." That remark had the expected effect, which he laughed off, explaining to his colleagues in the House that he was just "stretching his legs."

Having got his wind, he scanned the landscape of his discontents thus: "The nation is hamstrung by restrictive practices, its trades unions penetrated by political militants, its divorce rate climbing, its crime rate among young people ten times higher than a generation ago, pornography rampant in the service of subversion, and degenerates practicing buggery and lesbians flaunting their vice under the impudent banner of gaiety."

Having attained cruising speed, he addressed himself to the subject of Rhodesia. His motion called attention to "the worthlessness of Her Majesty's ministers and their policy toward Rhodesia, the most unworthy ministers to have ever disgraced the fields of high office under the British Crown. The government has made a shambles of home and foreign affairs. It is outrageous that with such a poor showing at home, we should threaten to damage Rhodesia. There is a real danger of oceans of blood being spilled in Rhodesia because of the government's policy." The language is intemperate. But the indictment is deserved. □

VOTE FOREVER

New York, Aug 5—Several years ago, addressing students at the University of Texas in Austin, I sat and listened attentively to the young professor who was introducing me. He had clearly done his homework—and more homework, it proved, than I myself had done on my ancestry. "Mr. Buckley's grandfather," the professor told the crowd, "was a Texan. Indeed he was the sheriff of Duval County. John Buckley was a law and order sheriff and an adamant Democrat. Indeed, although he died in 1904, such was his attachment to the Democrats that he voted for Lyndon Johnson in 1948."

Rumors to the general effect that LBJ stole the election in 1948 were of course rife at the time, and there had actually been legal action. But LBJ overcame, and in due course he was President of the United States, after which the people stopped sniggering for a little while about "Landslide Lyndon," who had won the big election in virtue of an 87-vote plurality. When they resumed sniggering it was not to protest the impurity of Texan democracy, but rather the impurity of South Vietnamese democracy. It reminds one of the delegation of American scholars dispatched by LBJ to Saigon to report on the election of 1967. They all came back and testified to the general hygiene of the event. But one scholar, from Massachusetts, left a little residue of Yankee wryness by saying he had found the election in South Vietnam "every bit as scrupulous as elections in Massachusetts." There was an eloquent silence in Greater Boston when these words were uttered.

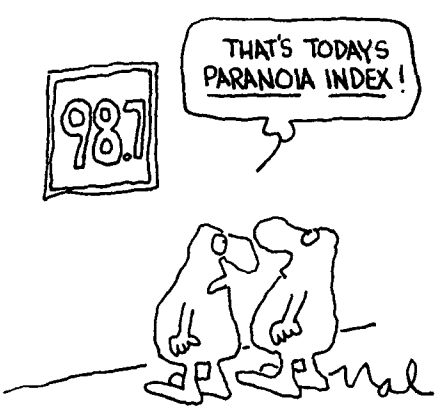
Mr. Luis Salas, the aging Mexican-American county judge, announced that he wished to live on good terms with his conscience. He then gave the details of the dramatic meeting at which George Parr, the undisputed boss of that part of South Texas, called in Salas and quoted Lyndon Johnson as saying, "If I can get two hundred more votes, I've got it won." Parr went on to say in Spanish to Salas, "We need to win this election. I want you to add those two hundred votes."

Salas obligingly did so. What was especially remarkable about the crucial two hundred names was that they were handed in in alphabetical order. We have been trained to believe that if you lock up a bunch of monkeys with a bunch of typewriters for long enough, they will eventually type out a perfect edition of *Hamlet*. The notion that two hundred individualistic Texans would present themselves in alphabetical order at the polls—including one who had been dead for 44 years—tends to strain the imagination: but then Texas excels in most matters, and although the election was contested, it was eventually certified.

Lady Bird Johnson no doubt intended to be reassuring in her comment on the matter. She was in fact anything but reassuring. She said through a spokesman that she "knows no more about the details of the 1948 election other than that charges were made at the time, carried through several courts and finally to a Justice of the Supreme Court." What she succeeded in saying is that not only is Texan democracy corrupt, American democracy is corrupt, right through several courts and finally to a Justice of the Supreme Court.

Perhaps the incident can be got into the next edition of Victor Lasky's book *It Didn't Start with Watergate*. On the other hand, I'd like to offer a slightly different view of the matter. Frankly, I rather like the idea of Buckleys voting in every election, never mind the formality of their death. "Tradition," Chesterton wrote, "may be defined as an extension of the franchise. Tradition means giving votes to the most obscure of all classes, our ancestors. It is the democracy of the dead. Tradition refuses to submit to the small and arrogant oligarchy of those who merely happen to be walking about. All democrats object to men being disqualified by the accident of birth; tradition objects to their being disqualified by the accident of death." I am very proud of my grandfather's sense of civic obligation. Clearly it runs in the family. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A robot — 18 143 41 121 138 61 58 126 20

B. Hepatica — 83 163 192 152 63 24 59 102 14

C. An English county — 98 27 76 13 167 30 108 133 198 148 / 6 33

D. A reservation on the Rio Grande — 107 145 94 127 175 179 191 100 142 185 / 187 197 3

E. Head for the _____, mother, that brakeman can't corner you there! — 162 9 87 95 117 125 158 128 172 176

F. A will — 166 67 11 113 42 112 103 77 136

G. The sort of house the governor of Calif. and a Fla. senator might live in — 184 26 188 85 120 160 174 190 10 48

H. There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in your _____. — 38 2 155 169 35 49 54 62 71 116

I. Habit-forming — 5 74 106 46 68 70 90 93 25

J. All these lead to Rome — 131 109 105 60 22

K. A northeast jail article — 140 111 86 115 157 23 15 123

L. A military command — 146 69 92 183 89 139 47 31

M. Where grave messages appear — 149 64 17 129 97 50 78 135 72

N. A stew of various ingredients — 151 16 1 195 110 168 29 7 104 114

O. Unaware — 12 88 82 75 164 118 8 99 19

P. Public Enemy No. 1 to Communists and their friends — 200 189 91 44 53 159 32 73

Q. Willingness to receive — 21 4 124 134 52 96 171 194 132 153

R. FATTER MITES — 36 186 199 39 43 80 137 144 150 165 / 177

S. What Cain did in his new home — 45 81 147 156 173 180

T. Essayed — 51 55 122 178 34 65 141 196 119

U. Pitch no longer thrown in majors, unless surreptitiously — 57 101 193 37 161 181 40

V. Triple — 79 66 182 56 170 28 84 130 154

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1010 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 N	2 H	3 D		4 Q	5 I	6 C	7 N	8 O	9 E	10 G	11 F		12 O	13 C		14 B	15 K	16 N
17 M	18 A	19 O		20 A	21 Q	22 J	23 K		24 B	25 I	26 G	27 C		28 V	29 N	30 C		31 L
32 P	33 C		34 T	35 H	36 R	37 U		38 H	39 R	40 U	41 A		42 F		43 R	44 P	45 S	46 I
47 L	48 G	49 H	50 M		51 T		52 Q	53 P	54 H	55 T	56 V	57 U	58 A		59 B	60 J		61 A
	62 H	63 B	64 M	65 T	66 V	67 F	68 I	69 L		70 I	71 H	72 M	73 P		74 I	75 O	76 C	
77 F	78 M	79 V		80 R	81 S	82 O	83 B	84 V	85 G		86 K	87 E	88 O	89 L	90 I	91 P		92 L
93 I	94 D	95 E	96 Q	97 M		98 C	99 O	100D		101U	102B	103F	104N	105J	106I	107D	108C	
109J	110N	111K	112F		113F	114N	115K	116H		117E	118O	119T		120G	121A	122T		123K
124Q	125E	126A		127D	128E	129M	130V	131J	132Q		133C	134Q	135M	136F	137R	138A	139L	140K
141T		142D	143A	144R		145D	146L	147S		148C	149M		150R	151N	152B	153Q		154V
155H	156S		157K	158E	159P		160G	161U	162E	163B	164O	165R		166F	167C		168N	169H
170V	171Q	172E	173S		174G	175D	176E		177R	178T	179D	180S	181U	182V	183L		184G	185D
186R		187D	188G		189P	190G	191D	192B	193U	194Q	195N	196T		197D	198C	199R	200P	

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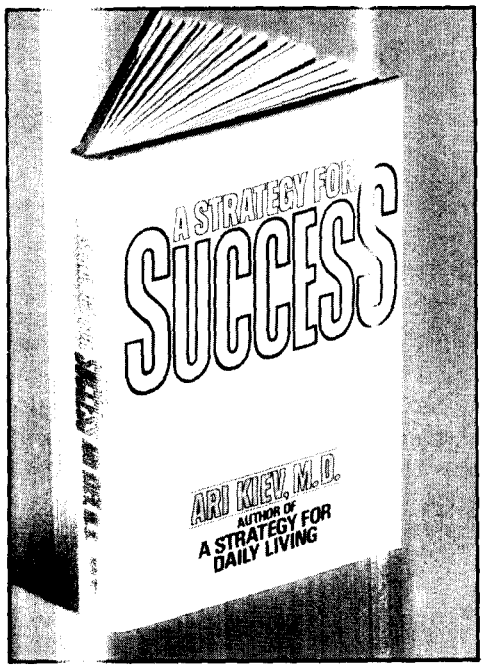

There are no failures–

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all people can be suc-
cess
ey discover their
inne engths, and use them
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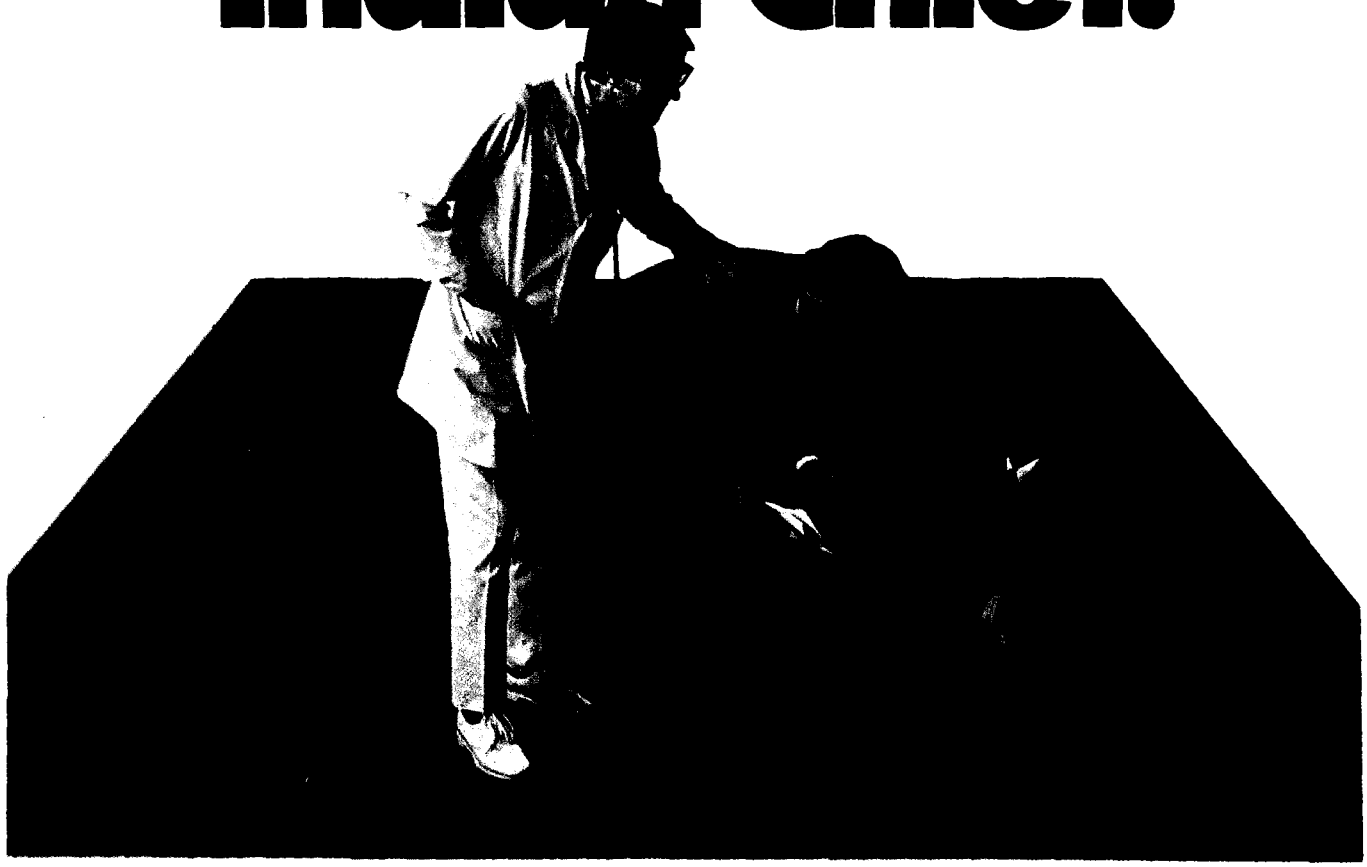

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Made with today's leading no-nonsense synthetics, carpeting like this combines extraordinary long wear with easy care. It stands up to heavy traffic year after year with a resilience that's built-in, a soil-resistance that can't be beat.

A distinguished way to decorate, Milliken business carpeting is also a smart business investment. If you value a good appearance and if you value value, see your Milliken dealer soon.

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